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[FROM THE FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE.]

VALLEY FORGE.

[Accompanied with a view of that celebrated station.]

WE have it in contemplation, as far as our abilities may extend, to pay a passing tribute to those places, which have been rendered memorable, during the revolutionary war, by the toils, sufferings and conflicts of our countrymen, or consecrated by the blood of our heroes :

The gods the saviors of the native land.*

However inattentive the present generation may be to this subject, those places which witnessed the infant struggles of our nation will be classic ground to posterity. Every thing that has any connexion with heroic achievements, virtuous sufferings, or persevering fortitude, becomes dear to humanity in general, but in a particular manner is hallowed in the memory of those who owe every national blessing to any of those successful exertions of virtue. Mountains, valleys, plains, forests, rivers, cities and villages, which saw our fathers fight for our independence, and submit to the deprivation of every good to secure freedom for their posterity, have taken out their charter of nobility. Their names are inscribed, in golden capitals, in the court-callender of Fame, and will become harmonious in the song of the Muses; their honors shall be recorded by historians, and their beauties delineated by painters, while those ignoble mountains, valleys,

plains, forests, rivers, cities and villages, which have never witnessed the feats of our heroes, will remain neglected and unknown.

In the winter of 1777-8, General Washington fixed his head quarters at Valley Forge. History gives some account of the difficulties surmounted at this time by the genius of the commander in chief, and of the unparalleled sufferings of the troops at this station : but tongue cannot relate, nor pen describe, the hundredth part of the miseries that were endured. What poet can exhibit the whole complicated series of evils? What historian can commemorate the agonies of the hungry and the naked, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, or enumerate the groans of the diseased? Many are still alive who *know* that the sufferings of that winter would not be easily delineated.

A view of Valley Forge must necessarily awaken in our minds the recollection of the gloomy seasons of the revolution. We find ourselves safely landed on the *terra firma* of Independence; why should we not look back on the angry and tempestuous ocean we have navigated? Why should we not remember with gratitude the pilots "who weathered the storm," and the sailors who breasted the tempest, and contended with the dangers of the ocean? How the dark clouds of despair gathered over us in some parts of our voyage! The sun of confidence was hidden from our eyes, and scarce a glimmering star of

* Barlow.

hope was to be seen in the firmament! How often was the national vessel almost shattered on the shoals of Danger! and how narrowly did we escape the whirlpool of Destruction!

But this subject is degraded by poetic similitudes: the facts themselves are sufficiently impressive without the assistance of rhetorical embellishments: and we are confident that no man can read the history of this period of the war without sympathizing with the suffering troops, and admiring the prudence, firmness, and courage, of the commander of our armies.

"At no period of the American war," says Judge Marshall in his *Life of Washington*, "had the American army been reduced to a situation of greater peril than during the winter at Valley Forge. It has been already stated, that more than once, they were absolutely without food. Even while their condition was less desperate in this respect, their stock of provisions was so scanty, that there was seldom at any time, in the stores, a quantity sufficient for the use of the troops for one week. Consequently had the enemy moved out in force, the American army could not have continued in camp. The want of provisions would have forced them out of it; and their deplorable condition, with respect to clothes, disabled them from keeping the field in the winter. The returns of the first of February exhibit the astonishing number of three thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine men in camp unfit for duty, for want of clothes. Of this number scarcely one man had a pair of shoes. Even among those returned capable of doing duty, very many were so badly clad, that exposure to the colds of the season must have destroyed them. Although the total of the army exceeded seventeen thousand men, the present effective rank and file amounted to only five thousand and twelve. The returns throughout the winter do not essentially vary from that which has just been particularly stated."

General Washington certainly could not have been placed in a situation of

greater difficulty than he was at this time: The army under his command destitute of provisions and clothing, and consequently discontented: having at the same time no means of procuring necessaries but by exercising the invidious power vested in his hands by congress—of seizing provisions wherever they could be found. The exercise of this power raised against him the clamors of the vulgar; while a party in congress were conspiring to deprive him of his command, and endeavoring to impute to his mismanagement the consequence of their own errors and faults. In the mean time, sir William Howe, with his army, had possession of Philadelphia, and was plentifully supplied with provisions and every thing necessary for the comfortable subsistence of his troops: and a winter campaign would have been productive of the most disastrous consequences to the American army.

But the mind of Washington was equal to the difficulties of his situation: the public good was his polar star: he pursued his course boldly and calmly, disregarding the clamors of ignorance, the petulance of passion, and the envious intrigues of disappointed ambition. Nothing displays more clearly the resources of his genius than his being able, while surrounded by so many unfavorable circumstances, to secure the affection of his officers and adoration of his soldiers.

Shall we be accused of presumption in attempting to celebrate the virtues of Washington? We shall not. We may discover a want of abilities; but we must not neglect to pour forth the effusions of grateful minds because we were unable to clothe them in the most elegant expressions. Wisdom and Ignorance should mingle their voices in the celebration of his actions; and every American should speak, with rapturous pride, of the hero of America. Babes should be taught to lisp the praise of the savior of their country, and the ears of infancy should be accustomed to the music of his name.

But, carried away by a pleasing sub-

ject. we have forgotten the camp at Valley Forge: it was situated on the west side of Schuylkill about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia; Patriotism might make a pilgrimage to visit the place; and there, if we may be allowed to make use of a hackneyed but expressive quotation, should be erected a monument sacred to the memory of "the time that tried men's souls."

When the Greeks had repelled the Persian power, and the blessings of peace were experienced in their land, they manifested their piety, gratitude, and patriotism by building temples to the gods and erecting monuments to those who had perished in battle. The question has been often asked; and we will ask it again: What temple has America constructed for the Deity? What columns of remembrance has she raised for the heroes who have perished in her cause?

The Greeks instituted sacrifices and funeral solemnities to be performed annually; in which the first fruits of their country were offered to the gods preservers of Greece, and to the souls of the heroes who had died in its defence: What yearly honors does America pay to the God of armies for his kindness? What annual offering does she present to the brave spirits of those who devoted themselves for their country?

The Greeks inscribed the names of those who fell in battle on pillars of marble: the traveller in after ages, passing over the fields of Marathon and Plataea, breathed a sigh to the memory of his fathers, and felt his own heart expand with the love of glory. When the sons of America pass over the spot where battles were fought, where freedom was purchased with blood; does nothing remind them of the sanctity of the place? does no simple inscription speak to the heart, like a voice from a *burning bush*, saying, "*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground?*"

A historian, having spoken of the battle of Thermopylae, observes, "Two structures of marble marked

the place of the engagement, with inscriptions which remained many ages; and which having been recorded by Herodotus, will now probably be secured by the press against perishing while the world shall last. One was in honor of the Peloponnesians collectively—the other commemorated the Lacedemonians who fell with their prince."

When some Greek of Peloponnesus, in succeeding times, passed by this place and read, "*Here four thousand men from Peloponnesus fought with three millions,*" his heart must have swelled with patriotic pride, and his soul must have gloried in his country. Could this Peloponnesian, afterwards, have acted cowardly in battle? Having read this inscription, would he have thrown away his shield, or turned his back upon his enemies? But let any man, of any nation, peruse the sublime inscription on this other obelisk of marble: it is the voice from the grave, of Leonidas and his Spartans: "*Stranger! go tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws!*" We repeat: let any man of any nation read this sublime admonition, and not feel the electric shock of virtuous sensibility.

The backwardness of our nation, in erecting monuments to those who trod the fields of dangers in the revolutionary war, is universally reprobated. Those, who speak or write on the subject, endeavour to rouse us from our apathy by dwelling on the *gratitude* we ought to feel for those who secured our freedom by their wisdom, or purchased our independence with their blood. This ought to be a powerful motive with virtuous minds: this alone should be sufficient to direct the energies of a humane people to the object proposed—but the enlightened and patriotic legislator should be urged forward by motives more powerful even than this. Every national work is the common property of the nation: it is a bond of union which binds the community together, and stamps the character of nation on the whole. Every erection of this kind establishes a new

point of union, a new centre for the affections of the people. These works become objects of common interest, common pride, and common love, to the community.

We will suppose for a moment that our government should build a magnificent temple to the Deity; to the God of our fathers, who brought them out of the "house of bondage;" who wafted them by his winds over the boisterous waves of the ocean; who planted them in the wilderness; and has converted that wilderness into a "land flowing with milk and honey;" who inspired them with courage to contend for their liberties; who raised up for them a Deliverer; who held his shield before their Washington in the day of battle; who gave that Washington genius to devise, and courage to carry his plans into execution; who inspired their sages in council with wisdom to frame a constitution of government; and, finally, who, from such small beginnings, has made them a great and powerful people—Suppose the Temple already built:

On rocks of adamant, the walls ascend,
Tall columns heave and skylike arches
bend;
Bright o'er the golden roofs, the glitter-
ing spires,
Far in the concave meet the solar fires:
Four blazing fronts, with gates unfolding
high,
Look with immortal splendors round the
sky.*

This temple is filled with the choicest works of the statuary and the painter; and the verses of the poets, in golden frames, decorate the walls and are suspended from the pillars. Here we may examine the statues of Washington, Franklin, Greene, Gates, Warren, Mercer, &c.; and here we may read the history of their lives. Here their exploits are celebrated in heroic verse; and here the Muse mourns over their death, and announces their reception among the gods.

The expense of building this temple has been defrayed by contributions from every part of the United States: The rich man, out of his abundance, has given bountifully for this noble

purpose; and the poor man, out of his pittance, has given a part. Every American of every station in life, says proudly, This is our temple, dedicated to our God, and sacred to the memory of our heroes. Every one endeavors, at least once in his life, to pay a visit to his Holy Place: see the wonders it contains: examine the features of our statesmen and generals, and worship in the national temple. Those who cannot visit it, hear with delight the descriptions of those who have seen it; and children read the history of its wonders with patriotic enthusiasm. Will any one say this would not be a bond of Union? and will any one say that, if great federal works were multiplied, they would not do much towards forming a national character?

Are we unable to defray the expenses of such mighty undertakings? The truth is, we want nothing but the will. The little republic of Plataea, impoverished by the war, received eighty thousands talents of silver out of the Persian spoils. "These eighty thousand talents of silver," says the historian, "were employed by that heroic little commonwealth in building a temple to Minerva, and adorning it with painting, by the most eminent artists of the time, which were preserved with so much care, that they remained perfect above six hundred years, to the age of Plutarch."

Every great work, moreover, adds a distinctive feature to the country which it embellishes: it impresses a discriminating characteristic upon the place, and enables us to distinguish it from others, in many respects similar. Let any one think of a city he has visited:—will not the proud buildings and "heaven-directed spires," which adorn that city, form the most prominent features of the picture in his mind? and if that city should be his native place, will it not be these *distinctive marks* that will send a tremor through his frame, and call a flood of tears to his eyes?

If there be any truth in this notion, every thing that varies the face of a

* Barlow.

country and gives it a peculiar character, has a tendency to make it dear to its inhabitants. In corroboration of this remark, we may observe that the inhabitants of hilly countries are more patriotic than those who dwell upon plains. How feelingly did the Jews bewail their absence from the barren hills of Judea! On the flowery banks of the rivers of Assyria, they hung their harps upon willows, and bewailed their hard fate in being banished from the rugged rocks, and hills, and deep gullies that surrounded Jerusalem! "When I forget thee, O Zion," said some sweet singer of Israel, "may my right hand forget its cunning!" The rude Swiss, in foreign lands, is melted into tenderness, when he thinks of the cold glaciers and snowy summits of the Alps; and the wandering Caledonian is miserable because he cannot feel the cold winds of the north, or shiver on the heath-covered mountains of Scotia. An Irishman, when he talks of his country, dwells with delight on its distinguishing characteristics: he mentions the green isle, and the emerald isle, with tremulous sensibility; and even the sweet bogs of Erin increase the ardor of his passion: Truly you may almost touch the feelings of an Englishman, if you whistle God save the king, talk of wooden walls, or praise the white cliffs of Albion.

In fine, every marked feature of a country is like a dimple on the cheek of beauty, which exhibits an assemblage of charms, and becomes a rendezvous for the graces and smiles. The dimple, in truth, hardly ever fails to increase to madness the passion of a lover; and from the dimple, the painter (we have heard) derives great assistance in producing a likeness.

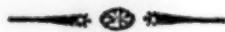
But we have drawn out this article to an unreasonable length, and must hasten to a conclusion. We will however make one additional observation: The great mass of the people pass a life of labor, and have not leisure to become acquainted with the laws of their country: in fact, they may, in

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one sense, be said never to come to years of discretion, but to remain children through life. Should any means be neglected of engaging their affections in favor of their country, of its laws, and of its government? and can any plan be adopted more efficient than erecting, in different places, monuments to departed merit, and inscribing on marble the history of the virtuous? These inscriptions will be read when books will be neglected; and their effects, though not sudden, will be certain and permanent.

It was a good custom among the Jews and other ancient nations to set up stones as a memorial of a covenant or any other remarkable transaction: these structures never failed to call the circumstances up in the mind of the passenger. The father told the son; and thus the story was conveyed from generation to generation, as long as the same people had possession of the country. It was a good custom to write the maxims of the law, or moral sentences, on pillars of stone by the highway, on the gate posts, and on household utensils; so that whether going in or coming out the people might be in the way of instruction.

These considerations seem to speak powerfully in favor of the erection of national memorials, whether in honor of departed worth, or to perpetuate the remembrance of remarkable events.



[FROM THE PORT FOLIO.]

COMPARATIVE TRAITS OF ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN CHARACTER.

London, 1799.

Notwithstanding two centuries have nearly elapsed since the first North American colonists migrated from Old England, the same pronunciation of the mother tongue prevails in the streets of Philadelphia, and the presence chamber at St. James's; and the courts of the United States discuss the laws of England, or pro-

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nounce their decisions, under no cumbersome distinctions of dress, with as much eloquence and precision as is done at Westminster, under flowing robes and full-bottomed wigs.

Yet the English generally spoken in London is neither correct nor harmonious: the lower classes universally offend, more or less, against the arbitrary rules of the spelling-book; and even the upper ranks have contracted a habit of mutilating their words, in the undistinguishing hurry of a loud and rapid utterance.

The combinations of the auxiliary verbs are generally abbreviated, as, "I won't"—"It a'nt"—"Yousha'nt:" and the names of places, especially if they happen to be inconveniently long, are sometimes ridiculously *fore-shortened*. The instance of Brumagem for Birmingham, was already familiar to my ears; but in those of "Gracious-street, Sinjin-street, and Bedlam," I with difficulty recognised Grace Church-street, St. John-street, and Bethlehem Hospital. The *r* final is often omitted, as, "She is my sista," "I had ratha' not," &c. The *v* and *w* are frequently transposed, with designed or inattentive peculiarity; and, still more inexcusably, the letter *h* is sometimes rejected, as too harsh for delicate pronunciation, and sometimes adopted again, *gratuitously*. A species of refinement, by the way, which is of late frequently affected in Philadelphia, as well as the kindred improvement which converts wounds into woonds, and heard into herd.

At our present lodgings, in the heart of the city, are two female domestics: one of them, whose name is Hannah, is charily softened down to Anna; and the other, whose real name is Ann, is laboriously aspirated into Hann. The latter herself was overheard the other day, towards dinner time, asking her mistress if it was time to "eat the hoven;" and a young gentleman, of polite education, lately entertained us, from a newspaper, with an unintelligible lecture about a flock of birds that had been seen "overing in the hair."

Out of London the corruptions of the vernacular tongue are still more puzzling to a stranger. On the South Coast, for instance (from whence Edward Winslow took shipping, with his followers, in 1620, to establish themselves upon Cape Cod) I traced the origin of the drawling tone that we suppose peculiar to the inhabitants of Massachusetts; and in the same quarter of Great Britain, I dissipated the vulgar prejudice which attributes the mad and cruel suspicions of imaginary witchcraft to the superstitious enthusiasm of the first settlers of New England: for here I learned that they had derived that unhappy prepossession from the habitual intolerance of the mother country; and that the gloomy vision was much sooner dispelled in Salem and Boston than in Cornwall and Devonshire. It stands recorded, that at Tring in Hertfordshire (not fifty miles from London) a man suffered death as a wizard, as lately as the year 1750, a species of legalized murder for which the New Englanders have not been chargeable since 1692.

Severity was the custom of England, when our ancestors quitted the island, and so deeply was it rooted, that when the Lysurgus of America would have alleviated the cruelty of the penal code in his province of Pennsylvania, Queen Ann's ministry refused to ratify the innovation. It was not till after the late happy Revolution set us free from the trammels of prescriptive error, that the degrading system of corporal punishment was transmuted for useful labour and solitary confinement, except in cases of murder, an exception that seems likely to be soon done away by increasing conviction that the punishment of death is neither necessary nor justifiable.

The merciless and shameful manner of whipping children, still common in English schools, has at the same time been disused in the United States (the aborigines of America never struck their children) and the treatment of negro slaves, is no longer cruel—a presumption that the time

draws nigh when it will cease to be unjust.

To say nothing of the Cornish, the Welsh, and the Erse languages, all spoken in the little island of Great Britain, a Somersetshire farmer, in his own current English, is less intelligible at York, and a north country clothier is more like a foreigner at London, than an American sailor, with or without education, whether he shipped himself in the river Mississippi, or the Bay of Fundy—in the sunshine of latitude 31, or in the fogs of 45.*

Yet some English words have slightly changed their application in America: for instance, "a clever fellow" does not with us indicate a cunning sharper; and "an ordinary woman" would designate a person of ill fame, rather than one that had the misfortune to be homely: but, in return, as many local phrases have retained their pristine meaning, where their origin can be no longer traced. Although we have renounced Episcopal Sees, we still say of a fabric, unnecessarily large, "It's a cathedral of a place."—To follow a winding road, is going "round about Robin Hood's barn"—To take produce to a glutted market, is "like carrying coals to Newcastle,"—an incredible story is, "A Canterbury tale," and in the clear atmosphere of America, a lingering messenger is still said to be "lost in the fog."

An American may be distinguished from a native of England, by the openness of his countenance, the mildness of his voice, and the unaffected simplicity of his carriage: as it is proved every day at London by the beggars upon Tower Hill, who can tell an American captain, just arrived, as far as they can see him: and the distinction rewards their sagacity; for if he never was out of America before, he will throw down a shil-

ling, where another would give a halfpenny.

An American traveller never refuses an application for charity, or thinks of giving any thing but silver, till he has learned in Europe to make his way, through hosts of beggars, by the parsimonious distribution of copper. He is generally too a little taller than the British standard, especially if he come from New England or Virginia, where the true American stock has been less intermixed than it is in the middle states of Pennsylvania and New York, where the continual influx of foreigners, especially from England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, and France, prevents the formation of provincial peculiarities; at the same time that it yields, with surprising facility, to the amalgamated mass of established principle and population.

The late surveyor general for the southern department of the British colonies in America, (himself a German) has often told me, that when he visited, at the end of twenty years, a colony of Germans that he had settled in the back parts of Georgia, he was astonished at the superior size and beauty of the rising generation, that had come into the world unfettered by the galling shackles which had oppressed their ancestors. The same effect is observable to every eye in the German settlements of Pennsylvania.

But the moral change is still more remarkable that takes place, almost universally, in the habits of the refuse of Europe, who generally become useful citizens in America, whatever vices they may have practised at home. Discovering immediately that moderate exertion will procure an honest livelihood, and that vicious courses are no longer countenanced by example, they betake themselves to honest industry, and become ashamed of their former way of life. One of the last instances of murder that occurred in Philadelphia, was that of an Irish journeyman, who stabbed his companion for

* In the hundreds of Yorkshire, when I visited the cottage of my English ancestors, my cousin John Bull gruffly observed, "Why I don't see but what they speak as good English as we do oursels."

reminding him of his "old tricks in Ireland."

Even the sweepings of English jails, with which the British colonies were burthened before the revolution, never proved a lasting detriment to the morals of America. The convicts, scattered about as servants among decent and frugal people, learned how to get an honest living, before the expiration of their indentures; and then set up for themselves, in their respective callings, without recurring to the crimes they had committed at home, under the pressure of necessity, or the contagion of example.

Among new-comers of this description, particular instances might be adduced of rising into wealth and respectability: but such cases have been frequent among the industrious and thrifty Germans; many of whom, who came over to Philadelphia as servants, or day-labourers, have amassed considerable fortunes, and left behind them a numerous and respectable posterity.

These circumstances, together with our freedom from distinctions of rank, from ecclesiastical privileges, and from military pretensions, almost totally preclude those personal peculiarities, and that excessive originality of character, the result of national pride and individual prejudice, which is more observable in England than in any other part of the world.

This may be partly owing to its insular situation, which prevents ninety in the hundred from ever seeing any country but their own. All these are fully convinced that England is the only place in the world worth living in; and I have heard men of information and humanity, whose purses raised them above feeling the pressure of want, declare their opinion that England was the most plentiful country upon earth, at a time when the poor were literally starving for want of bread; and ironically cry out, "Poor England!" because they could not cross a London street for the crowd of coaches, though they

well knew that honest and industrious labourers throughout the country could hardly keep their families out of the poor-house.

But no wonder that the rich are proud, in this fierce and haughty nation, when, under such circumstances, the poor are so.

At the time that public soup shops were first set on foot, by benevolent associations, to relieve the sufferings of the needy, the soup was offered to the poor gratis; but it was too cheap to be good: they would not have it at that rate; and when it was raised to half price, to enhance its value, they took it sparingly, still suspecting the soundness of the ingredients, though the clergy of their own parishes, assisted by the neighbouring gentry, condescended to see it prepared and to measure it out in person. One of the gentlemen that undertook to distribute it, at Birmingham, assured me that the poor would cry aloud, "There goes meat for the soup shops," when they saw a dead horse, or any other carrion, dragged through the streets to be given to the hounds.

I have also been told, that in the time of a preceding scarcity, a gentleman of well known liberality and benevolence was mobbed for selling American flour, at half price, to the poor of the neighbouring county town; who, from that circumstance, took occasion to suspect that it was not saleable; and a lady of quality, who had ordered the gratuitous distribution of a hogshead of rice, was followed by the children of the neighbourhood for some time afterwards, calling after her coach, "Have you got any more damaged rice?"

Rye flour, Indian corn, and buckwheat meal, are utterly despised, as articles of food, fit only for hogs; though in the north of England the people live upon oat cake, as dry as sawdust; and I have been credibly informed that at the first introduction of turnips, a century ago, into a town near London, the man that first offered them in the market place, was

driven away from the stand by the indignant populace.

The same independence both of sentiment and conduct is maintained by the higher ranks, though they display it upon different occasions, and in a different manner. For instance, a nobleman, lately deceased, chose to wear his beard as long as he lived, in defiance of modern effeminacy; and a member of parliament openly patronized the contemptible rhapsodies of Richard Brothers.

To shut one's self up in one's room for forty years together, is an idle exertion of self will (not unexampled in this free country;) but a fondness for travelling is a useful characteristic of British spirit; to satisfy which they will traverse Siberian snows, penetrate into African deserts, and pierce through American forests, to say nothing of those voyages of discovery, in which they ransack every nook and cranny of the globe.

A worthy gentleman of my acquaintance, a Philadelphian by birth, who keeps up, at his seat near London, amidst the affluence of wealth, the social hospitality of an American, informed me of a trait of beneficence in a British subject, that would have done honour to the sovereign, who can untie the purse strings of the nation. He came to him one day at his office, when he was treasurer to the society for the abolition of slavery, then newly established, and counted out to him five thousand pounds; calmly observing, to do away the surprise occasioned by such unparalleled liberality, that he was no spendthrift, for he had many a time walked a ten mile stage, to save coach hire; and that if more money should be wanted for the purpose of the institution, he would willingly contribute again.

I was told at Kendal of two old women who had carried the virtue of parsimony to the opposite extreme. They voluntarily starved themselves to death, to spare the amount of a weekly pension, which they received from their friends, on account of their

poverty; and at York, of a noted clothier, who had amassed nine hundred thousand pounds, and left the world, regretting that he had not time to make up his million.

About the same time died in London an eminent banker, who passed over his own children, and settled his immense wealth upon an infant grandson, that the accumulation of a long minority might one day constitute his heir the richest subject in Europe.

Street beggars sometimes die, and leave considerable sums sewed up in their tattered sleeves; and childless gentry occasionally endow their cats and dogs with pension for life. One of these lately provided for the maintenance of all the domestic animals of his establishment, who are to be taken care of, as long as they live, in the different apartments of the mansion house.

It were superfluous to quote anecdotes from the well known and well written history of sir John Elwes, of miserable memory, who saved a million of money, but spent his last moments in regretting the supposed loss of five guineas and a half and half a crown; nor is it worth while to relate how the last lord L——spent his enormous income in tormenting his neighbors, and left the principal to be enjoyed by a man he had hated. But I cannot forbear to amuse my American readers with the broken windows and dusty wares of a shop in Fenchurch street, that was left by a crusty uncle to a bachelor nephew, on condition that no woman should ever be maintained in the house. This injunction is strictly complied with by the kindred nephew, who lives in one of the most crowded streets of London, like a hermit in a desert.

Our English brethren, of the elder branch, are proud of their birthright; and look upon us Americans with much of the same kind of contempt and aversion, that the heir of a noble family so naturally feels towards his younger brothers, who are rising

in the world, in countries where the equitable distribution of paternal inheritance is overruled by the right of primogeniture.

They hear, with a grudge, of our present freedom from imposition, the only advantage their pride will suffer them to suppose we can possibly have gained by quitting the soil of Britain; and they dogmatically pronounce that our happy equality cannot last long. "Your rich merchants, and great landholders," say they, "will soon become nobles: for the relation of landlord and tenant will necessarily create distinctions; and your nobles will not be long without a king; and a king will support himself, with you, as he does every where else, by the officers of a standing army, and the clergy of an established church."*

In vain you reply that titles of honour and hereditary entails are forbidden by the constitution—that every member of your government is elective, and responsible—that your official salaries are proportioned to actual duty—that you have no civil list, no secret service money, &c. &c. &c.

"No! No!" say courtiers and patriots, churchmen and dissenters, with united voice, "your notions of government are a theoretical vision, that never can be realized—political freedom is not in the nature of things; do not think yourselves wiser and better than every body that went before you."

Such is the language with which I have often been entertained at gentle-

* Perhaps the superb house, or rather palace, erected at Washington for the President of the United States, may be thought to favour these arguments, by the natural tendency of ostentation to create pride and privilege. We may learn from the fate of a sister republic, that where there are palaces, there will be princes. I long to hear that the new President [Thomas Jefferson] may be sufficiently democratic to live in a common house, like those of his fellow citizens, and only make use of the palace, since it is actually erected, and the materials would scarcely pay for pulling down, as his Britannic majesty does that of St. James's upon occasions of ceremony and parade.

men's tables; for in England nobody scruples to amuse an American with the errors of his government, and the defects of his country; and the rules of the most ceremonious politeness are not thought to be infringed by a full display of the most captious and overweening nationality.

But the forms of civility, and the gradations of rank, are observed with the most precise attention. No gentleman would first enter his own door, however necessary it might be, to show the way, or to introduce a stranger; and every well bred guest, at a family dinner, is acquainted with the precise distance at which he or she should sit from the place of the mistress, at the upper end of the table. Yet nobody pretends to be seated without express invitation, which is never given in the general terms of an American welcome.

Accordingly the ceremonies of address ascend in due degree from the "Sir" or "Mister" of a simple gentleman, familiarly polite, to the respectful "My Lord," of a nobleman; the distant "Your Grace," of a duke; and, *with reverence be it spoken*, the profound, "May it please your Majesty, or your Royal Highness," of the king, and his imperial progeny to the second and third generation.

A footman in livery knocks at a door with gradations equally distinguishable. If he comes alone, on a message, it is a single tap, as light as that of the milkmaid, the pot boy, or the shoeblack; if with his mistress on foot, it is a treble stroke, repeated with spirit; but, if he has just jumped from behind a carriage, he announces the arrival of my Lord or my Lady, till the whole neighbourhood rings again, with a prolonged tattoo, ending with a bang like a clap of thunder.

I have often been twitted in England with the paucity of genius or character in America, and as often replied, without producing conviction, that before the settlement of Pennsylvania, the last colonization that induced considerable numbers at

once to forsake their native land, we have an equal claim with our elder brethren to the merits of the venerable ancestry which will ever illustrate the name of Briton. In the hundred years that have run out since that time, America has produced a *FRANKLIN*, in philosophy; a *MORRIS*, in finance; and a *WASHINGTON*, great in war—greater in peace.

In the art of speaking we seem to have inhaled a breath of animation from the aborigines of our country, who from the bottom of their native woods, with a blanket upon their left shoulder, and their right arm in a shirt sleeve, have so often, over a council fire, astonished the emigrants from polished Europe, with the force of their eloquence, and the gracefulness of their address.

In no part of the world are talents for public speaking more general than in America; and few can be distinguished for what is common to many: indeed, this circumstance is thought to have an unfavorable effect upon our public councils; where the proportion of speakers is generally too great for the *seasonable* despatch of business.

In painting we need not shrink from a comparison with the mother country, or indeed any other of the modern schools, since we have already produced a *WEST*, a *COPLEY*, and a *TRUMBULL*, in history, and a *STUART*, in portrait; to say nothing of the rising artists, who bid fair to rival their expatriated countrymen, upon their native theatre.

In poetry, to be sure, we have produced nothing worth mentioning; yet poetic talents are by no means rare in America, though seldom cultivated beyond the period of youth. But the age of poetry is past. Every flower of the field has been already gathered; and Britain herself, once so fertile in that branch of genius, has produced nothing better than ourselves, since her *POPES*, her *THOMSONS*, and her *GRAYS*, but a solitary *COWPER*, whose latest compositions have been in print for half a century.

All these (I can venture to say it, without the fear of contradiction) as well as the *HUMES*, the *ROBERTSONS*, and the *GIBBONS*, of history, are more read in America, by equal numbers of people, than they are in England.

No greater proof need be offered of the more general diffusion of knowledge among the mass of the people, (however, from local causes, and occasional circumstances, particular instances of ostensible superiority may be, and really are, much more frequent in England) than the three or four, or eight or ten, daily newspapers that are published in half a dozen of our principal towns, besides weekly journals in places that would be reckoned villages in Europe, whilst (granting with all due deference, the superiority of London editors) not a second town in England supports two papers, though there are six or eight of them which contain more people than the capital of the United States of America.

I have often been told how early Americans lose their teeth, how sallow they look, how soon they appear old, how very shortlived they are, &c. &c. &c. however little my own appearance, and that of the most of the young Americans now in London, may be thought to favour the deteriorating system; and however, small the fair proportion must be of men or women of a hundred, in a country that had not fifty thousand inhabitants, a hundred years ago, compared with one that had then nine millions.

The fact is, that America has actually produced her proportion of centenarians. One of these, Edward Drinker, who was born in a cave where Philadelphia now stands, lived to hear the declaration of independence; John Hutton, a native of New-York, lived to be one hundred and seven; a domestic of the family of Penn died lately, at their manor of Pennsbury, aged one hundred and eight; Joel Weeks, of New London, reached one hundred and fourteen; and there is no living [1799] near Sunbury, in M

sachusetts, the second person born there of European parents, at the age of one hundred and seventeen.*

I have been twice told, in genteel companies, that the Americans were descended from a parcel of thieves and cutthroats; but I should have treated the illiberal assertion with nothing more than the contempt it deserves, if I had not since met with the same idea, retailed at length, in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

"Sir," said the sturdy professor of English prejudice (in the year '69) "they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow them short of hanging."

Surely the odium of a banished convict belongs to the country which gave him birth, and in which his crimes were committed; and not to that where he makes atonement for his transgressions, by repentance and amendment of life. But ignorant, indeed must they be of English history, who can suppose that the convicts, that were sent over (some forty or fifty in a year) from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the auspicious period of the revolution, could contaminate, or characterize, in any degree, the posterity of the thousands of sober Christians, who, dissenting from the established church, followed Winthrop to New England, Calvert to Maryland, and Penn to Pennsylvania, that they might enjoy in peace the exercise of their religious opinions. To say nothing of the episcopal settlement of Virginia, among whose founders were many younger brothers of noble families; nor of the continental influx of foreigners, attracted by our exemption from civil and religious tyranny, from every part of Europe, particularly the states of Holland and the principalities of Germany.

Since the revolution, the natural increase of the United States exceeds

one hundred and fifty thousand a year, at least twenty times as many people as were vomited upon America, from the jails of Britain, while the "Act" of the mother country was in force "for the better peopling of the colonies."

I may be thought to have enlarged too freely about America, in the preceding observations; and to have too decidedly adopted one side of the question: but it will be allowed that the other side has never wanted advocates, while the American cause has very rarely been expoused, even by our native essayists and their ephemeral reviewers.

A citizen of London, absorbed in the routine of business, scarcely knows his next neighbour, or visits his nearest connexions, except by regular invitation to a periodical dinner, which suffices to keep up the ceremonies of hospitality. His civilities to strangers are accordingly rare; and he rates them at their full value, as conferring a favour on his guest.

A gentleman at the court end of the town, or a lady of the *ton*, is deemed to have answered all the purposes of acquaintance by leaving a card at your door, and would be equally surprised and importunated by a friendly call in return, especially of an evening. This intrusion, however, is carefully guarded against by being "not at home," at the door, even though they might have been seen at the window; and the equally edifying and important intercourse of high life is reduced to the complimentary chitchat of the public dinner, the rout, or the card-table.

There are, however, many literary circles in the metropolis, where the innocent pleasures of society are elegantly enjoyed, and innumerable useful associations, in which men of active and cultivated minds apply their united efforts to the duties of humanity, the study of the sciences, and the perfection of the arts.

Nowhere are professional characters more respectable than in London; Nowhere is more regard paid to the

* When Dr. Franklin was in England, he was frequently told that the Americans were a short lived race: "I do not know how that may be," was his usual reply, "as the children of the first settlers are not all dead yet."

decencies of life—Nowhere is punctuality and honour more strictly adhered to—Nowhere is liberality and benevolence more generously displayed.

Londoners of the middle rank and upwards are equally neat in their persons and their houses. Not a speck of dirt is suffered upon any thing; and every domestic convenience is perfectly understood and enjoyed, without regard to expense. Servants here know their business, and are expected to do it without the oversight of their masters and mistresses; so necessary with us, where the general habit of indulgence inclines all classes to easy inattention.

When an English agent for a mercantile house, accustomed to the silent and attentive operations of a British counting-house, first enters the shop or warehouse of an importer of British dry goods, at Philadelphia or New York, he is astonished to find the merchant or trader lolling back in his chair, with a cigar in his mouth, and his apprentices dodging one another for amusement behind the counter; and he quits the store (as it is called in America) with a dubious opinion of the responsibility of his correspondent, which he anxiously entertains till he finds that the same apparent inattention to business prevails among all his customers.

He often finds the dealer from home, enjoying a walk or a ride, instead of minding his business; and, when he discovers that ease and indulgence do not infallibly lead to ruin, he is ready to regret the years of incessant application that he has himself consumed at the desk, or in the warehouse; and before he quits America, he may get such a relish for present enjoyment, as to remember with contempt instead of envy, the manufacturer of Manchester or Birmingham, (I forget which) that took his dinner off a stool, in his workshop, denied himself a single holiday in twenty years, and left 17,000*l.* for a grandson to spend. "What a fool you are," said one of our Indians to a European adventurer, "what a fool you are, to

work like a slave all your days, that your children may be idle all theirs."

Yet if he has occasion to buy any thing at a shop, he is disgusted with the careless and often slovenly manner in which every thing has been piled away—offended by the inattention of the shopman, frequently an idle boy amusing himself with his playthings—and provoked by a blunt refusal to send home what he has bought and paid for.

At the tavern or the boarding-house he frets at the inattention of the waiter; and he stares with astonishment where he is invited to dine, or to ride out, at the lounge of the foot-boy, or the stoop of the coachman, (mostly a negro meanly drest, for liveries are rarely given in America) or listens with disgust to the friendly intercourse between master and servant, in which we so often indulge our domestics, to express and maintain their own opinion.

If he had landed at Boston, he would be ready to laugh at the sudden conversion of Tom, Dick and Harry into prophets and patriarchs, performing the meanest offices of life under the venerable appellations of Nehemiah, Peletiah, Shubal, Peleg, or Job; and he would no longer ridicule his own antiquated Joans and Grizzles, after meeting whole sisterhoods of Faiths, Hopes, and Charities.

A shrewd Yorkshireman, who had come over quick and loud, once told me that he flattered himself he could easily overreach the slowpaced Philadelphians, when he saw them walking about their business with an air of unconcern; but it was not long before this very man took the benefit of the act of insolvency.

Another of the same description, who had already learned to speak English in the mild tones used in America, told me that he should have to change his note again, on his return, or his acquaintances would never be able to hear what he said, and to throw off the familiar disinterestedness of American address, as he should as soon think of laying hold of a sur-

ly mastiff, as beginning with indifferent conversation the close and wary operations of buying and selling, with men that mount guard the moment a customer appears, to avoid a decoy, or to plan a surprise—to circumvent or to repel circumvention. But he never could persuade himself to accept the general invitation of American hospitality, "I shall be glad to see you at my house whenever it suits you," any more than he would presume to call and take a dinner with a friend in London, without express invitation.

Riding out with me one day, he was amazed at my giving way to a loaded waggon, and equally surprised at the friendly salutes that passed between me and almost every body we met, when he learned that for the most part we did not know each other by name. "One of our gentlemen's coaches," said he, "would keep the road if there was a dozen loaded carts to turn out; and if one of these plain-looking farmers was to have the assurance to nod to the tyrant within, rolling by in sulky pomp, he would be more likely to ask, 'Whose tenant are you, sir?'" than to return his civilities in kind. The imperious drone would require the most obsequious attendance at an inn, and would snub the officious landlord that presumed to deliver a sentiment in his presence." He longed for the pleasure of seeing some of their noblemen mortified with the bluntness of our republican manners; for he had seen enough of American inns to know that such conduct would not go down with our independent landlords.

There is scarcely a month in the year in which there is not some raree-show or other exhibited in the streets of London, to keep the mobility in a good humour. Sometimes it is the lord mayor, setting out in an old-fashioned state coach, accompanied by the sheriffs in their chariots, with the aldermen and the city companies in their carriages, to take boat at one stair or slip, and be rowed in splendid barges to another, for the pur-

pose of taking the oaths of office. Sometimes it is a charity sermon; and sometimes a city feast, political or patriotic, in honor of Charles Fox, St. David, or St. George; sometimes the anniversary of the sons of the clergy, at St. Paul's; and sometimes a public funeral at Westminster Abbey; sometimes a birthnight ball at the palace; and sometimes a review in the park, or the king going in state to open or prorogue the two houses of parliament.

But the mob is not always good-humoured upon such occasions; and, according to the scarcity of bread, or the success of the fleet, they salute the pageants with groans and hisses, or huzzas for church and king.

On these occasions pickpockets are particularly active, and beggars of all descriptions waylay you with assurance, and follow you with importunity; while innumerable coaches sidle you to the wall, and prevent your progress at every corner.

If you stroll through Moorfields, the grand repository of second-hand furniture, or Rag-fair, the general receptacle of east clothing, you will be assailed with a hundred offers to serve you with what you do not want; at every public place you are pestered with hand bills from quack doctors; and patentees of new inventions; and in whatever shop you ask for any thing you want, they always know better when you are suited than you do yourself.

Yet in the back lanes of the city, and in most of the streets and squares of the west end of the town, there are not so many passengers as are usual in the streets of Philadelphia: from which it appears that the mass of the people, who work for a living, are more confined within. Indeed their utmost application will but procure a mean and scanty subsistence; and if a handicraftsman were seen in the streets of London, carrying home poultry, fish or game, as it often happens with us, it would injure his credit as a prudent man, if it did not set him down for a thief, since any arti-

ele of that kind would cost more than the wages of a week.

Even the sirloins of Leadenhall, the boast of every British traveller, whether he has ever dined upon one or not, nay, the quarters of veal, and the sides of mutton, swelling with fat, from 1s. sterling to 18d. a pound, are reserved for the tables of the rich; and while the wife of any honest mechanic, under the rank of a master workman, goes every evening to the chandler's shop to break her hard earned sixpence into a penn'orth of tea, two penn'orths of sugar, two penn'orths of bread, and a penn'orth of butter, she may be tantalized by the ungrateful sight of the lady of a rich citizen, or pensioned courtier, lolling in a gilded chariot, while her powdered footman brings from the fruiterers a peach or a bunch of grapes that may cost seven shillings, or half a guinea a piece.

This branch of the subject might be enlarged upon to tediousness; but the task would be ungrateful; and I trust that the excessive inequalities of rank and fortune which prevail in England, have been sufficiently contrasted with the happy mediocrity of our native land.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF CAPT. LEWIS.

THE following letter, from the author of American Ornithology, while on his late western expedition in search of new subjects for his elegant publication, has excited much interest in the private circles to which it has hitherto been confined, and for which alone it was originally intended. The writer has yielded to our solicitations for its appearance here; and the reader of taste and feeling, will find both gratified, by the perusal of this simple, and, in some parts affecting narrative.

Natchez, Mississippi Territory,
May 28th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

ABOUT three weeks ago I wrote you from Nashville, inclosing three sheets of drawings, which I hope you have received. I was at

this time on the point of setting out for St. Louis; but being detained a week by constant and heavy rains, and considering that it would add four hundred miles to my journey, and detain me at least a month; and the season being already far advanced and no subscribers to be expected there, I abandoned the idea, and prepared for a journey through the wilderness. I was advised by many not to attempt it alone; that the Indians were dangerous, the swamps and rivers almost impassable without assistance, and a thousand other hobgoblins were conjured up to dissuade me from going alone. But I weighed all these matters in my own mind; and attributing a great deal of this to vulgar fears and exaggerated reports. I equipt myself for the attempt. I rode an excellent horse, on whom I could depend; I had a loaded pistol in each pocket, a loaded musket belted across my shoulder, a pound of gunpowder in my flask, and five pound of shot in my belt. I bought some biscuit and dried beef, and on Friday morning, May 4th, I left Nashville. About half a mile from town I observed a poor negro with two wooden legs building himself a cabin in the woods. Supposing that this journey might afford you and my friends some amusement I kept a particular account of the various occurrences, and shall transcribe some of the most interesting, omitting every thing relative to my Ornithological excursions and discoveries as more suitable for another occasion. Eleven miles from Nashville I came to the Great Harpath, a stream of about fifty yards, which was running with great violence. I could not discover the entrance of the ford, owing to the rains and inundations. There was no time to be lost, I plunged in, and almost immediately my horse was swimming. I set his head aslant the current, and being strong, he soon landed me on the other side. As the weather was warm, I rode in my wet clothes without any inconvenience. The country to day was a perpetual succession of steep hills

and low bottoms; I crossed ten or twelve large creeks, one of which swam my horse, where he was near being entangled among some bad drift wood. Now and then a solitary farm opened from the woods, where the negro children were running naked about the yards. I also passed along the north side of a high hill, where the whole timber had been prostrated by some terrible hurricane. I lodged this night in a miner's, who told me he had been engaged in forming no less than thirteen companies for hunting mines, all of whom had left him. I advised him to follow his farm as the surest vein of ore he could work. Next day (Saturday) I first observed the cane growing, which increased until the whole woods were full of it. The road this day winded along the high ridges of mountains that divide the waters of the Cumberland from those of the Tennessee. I passed few houses to day; but met several parties of boatmen returning from Natchez and New-Orleans; who gave me such an account of the road, and the difficulties they had met with, as served to stiffen my resolution to be prepared for every thing. These men were as dirty as Hottentots; their dress a shirt and trowsers of canvas, black, greasy, and sometimes in tatters; the skin burnt wherever exposed to the sun; each with a budget, wrapt up in an old blanket; their beards, eighteen days old, added to the singularity of their appearance, which was altogether savage. These people came from the various tributary streams of the Ohio, hired at forty or fifty dollars a trip, to return back on their own expenses. Some had upwards of eight hundred miles to travel. When they come to a stream that is unfordable, they coast it for a fallen tree: if that cannot be had, they enter with their budgets on their heads, and when they lose bottom, drop it on their shoulders, and take to swimming. They have sometimes fourteen or fifteen of such streams to pass in a day, and morasses of several miles in length, that

I have never seen equalled in any country. I lodged this night in one Dobbins's, where ten or twelve of these men lay on the floor. As they scrambled up in the morning, they very generally complained of being unwell, for which they gave an odd reason, lying *within doors*, it being the first of fifteen nights they had been so indulged. Next morning (Sunday) I rode six miles to a man's of the name of Grinder, where our poor friend Lewis perished. In the same room where he expired, I took down from Mrs. Grinder the particulars of that melancholy event, which affected me extremely. This house or cabin is seventy-two miles from Nashville, and is the last white man's as you enter the Indian country. Governor Lewis, she said, came there about sunset, alone, and inquired if he could stay for the night; and, alighting, brought his saddle into the house.— He was dressed in a loose gown, white, striped with blue. On being asked if he came alone, he replied that there were two servants behind, who would soon be up. He called for some spirits, and drank a very little. When the servants arrived, one of whom was a negro, he inquired for his powder, saying he was sure he had some powder in a canister. The servant gave no distinct reply, and Lewis, in the mean while, walked backwards and forwards before the door, talking to himself. Sometimes, she said, he would seem as if he were walking up to her; and would suddenly wheel round, and walk back as fast as he could. Supper being ready, he sat down, but had not eat but a few mouthfuls, when he started up, speaking to himself in a violent manner. At these times, she says, she observed his face to flush as if it had come on him in a fit. He lighted his pipe, and drawing a chair to the door, sat down, saying to Mrs. Grinder, in a kind tone of voice, "Madam, this is a very pleasant evening." He smoked for some time, but quitted his seat and traversed the yard as before. He again sat down to his pipe, seemed

again composed, and casting his eyes wishfully towards the west, observed what a sweet evening it was. Mrs. Grinder was preparing a bed for him; but he said he would sleep on the floor, and desired the servant to bring the bear skins and buffalo robe, which were immediately spread out for him; and it being now dusk the woman went off to the kitchen, and the two men to the barn, which stands about two hundred yards off. The kitchen is only a few paces from the room where Lewis was, and the woman being considerably alarmed by the behaviour of her guest, could not sleep, but listened to him walking backwards and forwards, she thinks, for several hours, and talking aloud as she said, "like a lawyer." She then heard the report of a pistol, and something fall heavily on the floor, and the words "*O Lord!*" Immediately afterwards she heard another pistol, and in a few minutes she heard him at her door calling out "*O madam! give me some water, and heal my wounds.*" The logs being open, and unplastered, she saw him stagger back and fall against a stump that stands between the kitchen and room. He crawled for some distance, raised himself by the side of a tree, where he sat about a minute. He once more got to the room; afterwards he came to the kitchen door, but did not speak; she then heard him scraping the bucket with a gourd for water; but it appears that this cooling element was denied the dying man! As soon as day broke and not before, the terror of the woman having permitted him to remain for two hours in this most deplorable situation, she sent two of her children to the barn, her husband not being at home, to bring the servants; and on going in they found him lying on the bed; he uncovered his side and shewed them where the bullet had entered; a piece of the forehead was blown off, and had exposed the brains, without having bled much. He begged they would take his rifle and blow out his brains, and he would give them all the money he

had in his trunk. He often said, "I am no coward; but I am so strong, so *hard to die.*" He begg'd the servant not to be afraid of him, for that he would not hurt him. He expired in about two hours, or just as the sun rose above the trees. He lies buried close by the common path, with a few loose rails thrown over his grave. I gave Grinder money to put a post fence round it, to shelter it from the hogs, and from the wolves; and he gave me his written promise he would do it. I left this place in a very melancholy mood, which was not much allayed by the prospect of the gloomy and savage wilderness which I was just entering alone.

My thoughts dwelt with sad, and unavailing regret, on the fate of my unfortunate friend; and I endeavoured to give vent to the despondence of my mind in the following verses, which I wished to dedicate to his memory.

Far hence be each accusing thought!
Let tears of silent sorrow flow;
Pale Pity consecrates the spot
Where poor lost LEWIS now lies low!

This lonely grave—this bed of clay,
Neglected—dug the pathway near;
Unfenc'd from midnight beasts of prey,
Excites Affliction's bitterest tear.

The soldier brave, of dauntless heart,
The chief belov'd, the comrade dear;
Of honour'd worth the mortal part
Moulders in sacred silence here.

His was the peril, glory, pride,
First of his country to explore
Whence vast Missouri's currents glide,
Where white man never trod before.

Her roaring cataracts he scal'd,
Her mountains of eternal snow;
There his brave band the rivers hail'd
That westward to the ocean flow.

Subdu'd by boldness, and amazed
At daring deeds unknown before,
The hordes of Indian warriors gaz'd,
And loved them for the hearts they bore;

Far down Columbia's foamy steeps,
He led his brave adventurous band;
Plough'd the Pacific's billowy deeps,
And stood triumphant on the strand!

Twice fourteen months of perils past,
Again the Alpine snows they spurn;

Their country opes to view at last,
And millions welcome their return.

The learned, on Europe's distant lands,
With joy the great arrival hail ;
And Fame on tip-toe ready stands
To spread the wonders of the tale.

O sad reverse ! O mournful end
Of this high destiny so dear !
He, the lov'd chieftain of their band,
Fell friendless and unhonoured here !

The anguish that his soul assailed,
The dark despair that round him flew,
No eye, save that of Heaven, beheld ;
None but unfeeling strangers knew.

Bereav'd of Hope's sweet angel form,
Griefs rose on griefs, and fears on fear ;
Poor Reason perish'd in the storm,
And Desperation triumphed here !

Fast pour'd the purple streams of life,
His burning lips one drop did crave ;
Abandon'd, midst this bloody strife,
He sank unfriended, to the grave.

Unhappy youth ! here rest thy head,
Beloved, lamented by the brave ;
Though silent deserts round thee spread,
And wild beasts trample o'er thy grave.

Here reap that peace life could not give ;
But while thy own Missouri flows,
Thy name, dear LEWIS, still shall live,
And ages yet lament thy woes.

Lone as these solitudes appear,
Wide as this wilderness is spread,
Affection's steps shall linger here,
To breathe her sorrows o'er the dead.

The Indian hunter, slow and sad,
Who wanders with his rifle near,
With solemn awe shall hither tread,
To mourn a brother hunter here.

The pilgrim boatman on his way,
Shall start his humble grave to view ;
" HERE LEWIS LIES !" he'll mournful say,
While tears his manly cheeks bedew.

Far hence be each accusing thought !
With his my kindred tears shall flow ;
Pale Pity consecrates the spot,
Where poor lost LEWIS now lies low !

I was roused from this melancholy reverie by the roaring of Buffaloe river, which I forded with considerable difficulty. I passed two or three solitary Indian's huts in the course of the day, with a few acres of open land at each ; but so wretchedly cultivated

that they just make out to raise corn enough to keep in existence. They pointed me out the distances by holding up their fingers. This is the country of the Chickasaws, though erroneously laid down in some maps as that of the Cherokees. I slept this night in one of their huts; the Indians spread a deer skin for me on the floor, I made a pillow of my portmanteau, and slept tolerably well ; the old Indian laid himself down near me. On Monday morning I rode fifteen miles, and stopt at an Indian's to feed my horse. The sight of my perokeet brought the whole family around me. The women are generally naked from the middle upwards; and their heads, in many instances, being rarely combed, look like a large mop; they have a yard or two of blue cloth wrapt round by way of petticoat, that reaches to their knees—the boys were generally naked ; except a kind of bag of blue cloth by way of *fig-leaf*. Some of the women have a short jacket with sleeves drawn over their naked body, and the rag of a blanket is a general appendage. I met to day two officers of the U. States army, who gave me a more intelligent account of the road than I had received. I passed through many bad swamps to day ; and about five in the evening came to the banks of the Tennessee, which was swelled by the rains ; and is about half a mile wide thirty miles below the Muscle Shoals, and just below a long island laid down in your small map. A growth of canes of twenty and thirty feet high covers the bottoms ; and these cane swamps are the gloomiest and desolate looking places imaginable. I hailed for the boat as long as it was light, without effect ; I then sought out a place to encamp, kindled a large fire, stript the canes for my horse, eat a bite of supper, and lay down to sleep listening to the owls and the *Chuck-Wills-Widow*, a kind of *Whip-poor-Will*, that is very numerous here. I got up several times during the night to recruit my fire, and see how my horse did ; and, but for the gnats, would have slept tole-

rably well. These gigantic woods have a singular effect by the light of a large fire; the whole scene being circumscribed by impenetrable darkness, except that in front where every leaf is strongly defined and deeply shaded. In the morning I hunted until about six, when I again renewed my shoutings for the boat, and it was not until near eleven that it made its appearance. I was so enraged at this delay that had I not been cumbered with baggage, I believe I should have ventured to swim it. I vented my indignation on the owner, who is a half breed, threatening to publish him in the papers, and advise every traveller I met to take the upper ferry. This man charges one dollar for man and horse, and thinks because he is a chief, he may do in this way what he pleases. The country now assumed a new appearance; no brush wood—no fallen or rotten timber; one could see a mile through the woods, which were covered with high grass fit for mowing. These woods are burnt every spring, and thus are kept so remarkably clean that they look like the most elegant noblemen's parks. A profusion of flowers, altogether new to me, and some of them very elegant, presented themselves to my view as I rode along. This must be a heavenly place for the botanist. The most noticeable of these flowers was a kind of Sweet William of all tints, from white to the deepest crimson. A superb Thistle, the most beautiful I had ever seen. A species of Passion flower very beautiful. A stately plant of the Sunflower family—the button of the deepest orange, and the radiating petals bright carmine, the breadth of the flower about four inches. A large white flower like a deer's tail. Great quantities of the Sensitive plant, that shrunk instantly on being touched, covered the ground in some places. Almost every flower was new to me except the Carolina pink-root, and Columbo which grew in abundance on every side. At Bear creek, which is a large and rapid stream, I first observed the Indian boys with their *Blow-guns*. These are tubes of cane

seven feet long, and perfectly straight when well made. The arrows are made of slender slips of cane, twisted, and straightened before the fire, and covered for several inches at one end with the down of thistles in a spiral form, so as just to enter the tube. By a puff they can send these with such violence as to enter the body of a partridge twenty yards off. I set several of them a hunting birds by promises of reward, but not one of them could succeed. I also tried some of them myself, but found them generally defective in straightness. I met six parties of boatmen to day, and many straggling Indians, and encamped about sun-set near a small brook, where I shot a turkey, and on returning to my fire found four boatmen, who stayed with me all night, and helped to pick the bones of the turkey. In the morning I heard them gobbling all round me, but not wishing to leave my horse, having no great faith in my guests' honesty, I proceeded on my journey. This day (Wednesday) I passed through the most horrid swamps I had ever seen. These are covered with a prodigious growth of canes and high woods, which together, shut out almost the whole light of day for miles. The banks of the deep and sluggish creeks that occupy the centre are precipitous, where I had often to plunge my horse seven feet down, into a bed of deep clay up to his belly; from which nothing but great strength and exertion could have rescued him; the opposite shore was equally bad, and beggars all description. For an extent of several miles, on both sides of these creeks, the darkness of night obseures every object around. On emerging from one of the worst of these I met General Wade Hampton, with two servants, and a pack horse, going, as he said, towards Nashville. I told him of the mud campaign immediately before him; I was covered with mire and wet, and I thought he looked somewhat serious at the difficulties he was about to engage. He has been very sick lately.

About half an hour before sun-set,

being within sight of the Indian's where I intended to lodge, the evening being perfectly clear and calm, I laid the reins on my horse's neck, to listen to a Mocking Bird, the first I had heard in the Western country, which, perched on the top of a dead tree before the door, was pouring out a torrent of melody. I think I never heard so excellent a performer. I had alighted, and was fastening my horse, when hearing the report of a rifle immediately beside me, I looked up and saw the poor Mocking Bird fluttering to the ground. One of the savages had marked his elevation, and barbarously shot him. I hastened over into the yard, and walking up to him, told him that was bad, very bad! That this poor bird had come from a far distant country to sing to him, and that in return, he had cruelly killed him. I told him the Great Spirit was offended at such cruelty, and that he would lose many a deer for doing so. The old Indian, father-in-law to the bird-killer, understanding by the negro interpreter what I said, replied, that when these birds come singing and making a noise all day near the house, *somebody will surely die*—which is exactly what an old superstitious German near Hampton in Virginia once told me. This fellow had married the two eldest daughters of the old Indian, and presented one of them with the bird he had killed. The next day I passed through the Chickasaw *Big-town*, which stands on the high open plain that extends through their country three or four miles in breadth by fifteen in length. Here and there you perceive little groups of miserable huts, formed of saplings, and plastered with mud and clay; about these are generally a few peach and plumb trees. Many ruins of others stand scattered about, and I question whether there were twenty inhabited huts within the whole range of view.—The ground was red with strawberries, and the boatmen were seen in straggling parties feasting on them. Now and then a solitary Indian wrapt

in his blanket, passed sullen and silent. On this plain are beds of shells of a large species of clam, some of which are almost entire. I this day stopt at the house of a white man, who had two Indian wives, and a hopeful string of young savages, all in their fig-leaves; not one of them could speak a word of English. This man was by birth a Virginian, and had been forty years among the Chickasaws. His countenance and manners were savage and worse than Indian. I met many parties of boatmen to day, and crossed a number of bad swamps. The woods continued to exhibit the same open luxuriant appearance, and at night I lodged at a white man's, who had also two wives and a numerous progeny of young savages. Here I met with a lieutenant of the U. S. army, anxiously inquiring for General Hampton. On Friday the same open woods continued; I met several parties of Indians, and passed two or three of their hamlets. At one of these were two fires in the yard, and at each eight or ten Indians, men and women, squat on the ground. In these hamlets there is generally one house of a circular form, and plastered thickly all over without, and within with clay. This they call a *hot house*, and it is the general winter quarters of the hamlet in cold weather. Here they all kennel, and having neither window nor place for the smoke to escape, it must be a sweet place while forty or fifty of them have it in occupaney. Round some of these hamlets were great droves of cattle, horses, and hogs. I lodged this night on the top of a hill far from water, and suffered severely for thirst. On Saturday I passed a number of most execrable swamps; the weather was extremely warm, and I had been attacked by something like the dysentery, which occasioned a constant burning thirst, and weakened me greatly. I stopt this day frequently to wash my head and throat in the water to allay the burning thirst, and putting on my hat without wiping, received considera-

ble relief from it. Since crossing the Tennessee the woods have been interspersed with pine, and the soil has become more sandy. This day I met a captain Hughes, a traveller on his return from Santa Fee. My complaint increased so much that I could scarcely sit on horseback, and all night my mouth and throat were parched with a burning thirst and fever. On Sunday I bought some raw eggs which I ate. I repeated the dose at mid-day and towards evening, and found great benefit from this simple remedy. I inquired all along the road for fresh eggs, and for nearly a week made them almost my sole food, till I completed my cure. The water in these cane swamps is a little better than poison, and under the heat of a burning sun and the fatigues of travelling it is difficult to repress the urgent calls of thirst. On the Wednesday following, I was assailed by a tremendous storm of rain, wind, and lightning, until I and my horse were both blinded with the deluge, and unable to go on. I sought the first most open place, and dismounting, stood for half an hour under the most profuse heavenly shower-bath I ever enjoyed. The roaring of the storm was terrible; several trees around me were broken off and torn up by the roots, and those that stood were bent almost to the ground: limbs of trees of several hundred weight flew past within a few yards of me, and I was astonished how I escaped. I would rather take my chance in a field of battle, than in such a tornado again.

On the 14th day of my journey, at noon, I arrived at this place, having overcome every obstacle, alone, and without being acquainted with the country; and what surprised the boatmen more, *without whiskey*. On an average I met from forty to sixty boatmen every day returning from this place and New Orleans. The Chickasaws are a friendly, inoffensive people, and the Chactaws, though more reserved, are equally harmless. Both of them treated me with civility, though I several times had occasion

to pass through their camps where many of them were drunk. The pe-roquet which I carried with me, was a continual fund of amusement to all ages of these people; and as they crowded around to look at it, gave me an opportunity of studying their physiognomies without breach of good manners.

In thus hastily running over the particulars of this journey, I am obliged to omit much that would amuse and interest you; but my present situation, a noisy tavern, crowded in every corner, even in the room where I write, with the sons of riot and dissipation, prevents me from enlarging on particulars. I could also have wished to give you some account of this place, and of the celebrated Mississippi, of which you have heard so much. On these subjects, however, I can at present only offer you the following slight sketch, taken the morning after my arrival here.

The best view of this place and surrounding scenery, is from the old Spanish fort on the south side of the town, about a quarter of a mile distant. From this high point, looking up the river, Natchez lies on your right, a mingled group of green trees and white and red houses, occupying an uneven plain, much washed into ravines, rising as it recedes from the bluff or high precipitous bank of the river. There is, however, neither steeple, cupola nor distinguished object to add interest to its appearance. The country beyond it to the right is thrown up into the same irregular knolls: and at the distance of a mile, in the same direction, you have a peep of some cultivated farms bounded by the general forest. On your left you look down at a depth of two or three hundred feet, on the river, winding majestically to the south; the intermediate space exhibiting wild perpendicular precipices of brown earth: This part of the river and shore is the general rendezvous of all the arks or Kentucky boats, several hundreds of which are at present lying moored here, loaded with the produce of the

thousand shores of this noble river. The busy multitudes below present a perpetually varying picture of industry; and the noise and uproar, softened by the distance, with the continual crowing of the poultry, with which many of these arks are filled, produce cheerful and exhilarating ideas. The majestic Mississippi, swelled by his ten thousand tributary streams, of a pale brown colour, half a mile wide, and spotted with trunks of trees, that show the different threads of the current and its numerous eddies, bears his depth of water past in silent grandeur. Seven gunboats anchored at equal distances along the stream, with their ensigns displayed, add to the effect. A few scattered houses are seen on the low opposite shore, where a narrow strip of cleared land exposes the high gigantic trunks of some deadened timber that bound the woods. The whole country beyond the Mississippi, from south round to west, and north, presents to the eye one universal level ocean of forest, bounded only by the horizon. So perfect is this vast level, that not a leaf seems to rise above the plain, as if shorn by the hands of heaven. At this moment, while I write, a terrific thunder storm, with all its towering assemblage of black alpine clouds, discharging livid lightning in every direction, overhangs this vast level, and gives a magnificence and sublime effect to the whole.

Farewell,

And God bless you, my dear friend!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

▲ SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE AZORES OR WESTERN ISLANDS.

Extract of a letter from the United States Consul for the Western Islands, at Fayal, to his friend in Winchester.

"The situation and number of these islands, you of course are acquainted with—St. Michaels, Terceira and Fayal, are the principal for foreign trade. The productions of Hores, Carvo, Pico, St. George, Gracioza

and St. Marys, are mostly transported in small craft to the first named islands, there to be consumed or shipped to foreign parts. The produce shipped to foreign parts may be calculated in a very good season at ten thousand pipes of wine, two to three thousand pipes of brandy, 120,000 boxes of oranges and lemons, and near half a million bushels of wheat, indian corn, peas, beans, &c. The average exportation probably falls short one third part of the above. The population of all these islands is near two hundred thousand, of which St. Michaels has almost one half. It is a beautiful island, of the same size as Madeira, but has no port, only an open and dangerous roadstead: from thence is shipped three-fourths of the fruit and grain abovementioned. Ponta del Garda, the capital, is a city of considerable extent, and there are also several large towns and villages—the island is very rich, has some fine roads, elegant country houses and gardens, several thousand horses and mules; about seventy, two and four wheel carriages of pleasure, and four millions of dollars in specie.

Terceira being situated nearly in the centre of these islands, is the seat of government. There resides the Governor General, the Royal Junta and the Bishop, and hence is shipped the residue of the grain and fruit first mentioned. In St. Michaels and Terceira is made, annually, from five to ten thousand pipes of wine of inferior quality, which is all consumed in those islands—Terceira has a good safe port for a few vessels. The little island of Gracioza, 16 leagues from this place, is a very fertile spot; producing annually 4,000 pipes of inferior wine, which is all distilled, and makes 1000 pipes of brandy: it also exports ten thousand bushels of grain in a good season. It is only three leagues in circumference and has a population of 9000 souls. St. George, 8 leagues distant, produces many cattle, and some years 3 to 4000 pipes of wine, a small portion of which was of superior quality: but the eruption in

1808 destroyed its finest vineyards and pastures.

Fayal has many advantages over the other islands; the principal is its very spacious and tolerably secure port, which causes it to be much frequented by ships of almost all nations, for the purpose of trade, repairs or refreshments. The next is the value of its exports (in wine and brandy only) equal in value to the exports of that much larger and finer island, St. Michaels. This bay and town face the E. S. E. and S. and immediately in front, two leagues distant, stands the island of Pico, which assists to form this harbor. It is a large mass of lava, nearly as large in circumference as Madeira, and its majestic peak towers above the clouds. It is about 9000 feet high and on the top of the peak, which is in the form of a sugar loaf, is a crater from whence constantly issues a large body of smoke. The summit is generally covered with snow from November to June. The island is planted with vines from the margin of the sea, one league inland; and produces generally between 10 and 20,000 pipes of the best wine in these islands. The owners of those vineyards are chiefly inhabitants of Fayal, and most of the families have their country boxes, and go over annually to make their wine, which is immediately sent in boats to Fayal, and from hence exported to all parts, but chiefly to the West Indies and the United States. The island of Fayal produces only a few hundred pipes of wine, and that of ordinary quality, but gives wheat and corn sufficient for its own consumption (20,000 people, and that of Pico 14,000). It moreover produces three or four cargoes of oranges and lemons. No corn is suffered to be shipped to foreign parts from Fayal, and generally none is wanted from abroad: bread is thus kept cheap; the average price of wheat being a dollar, and corn 60 cents the American bushel: beef, pork and mutton, 4, 5 to 6 cents per pound, butter 15 cents, eggs 6 to 8 cents per dozen, poultry in proportion; fresh fish,

very good, very cheap, and very abundant, and exceedingly wholesome; wine is 8 to 10 cents per bottle; house rent and servants' wages in proportion.

I now come to speak of the climate. In this respect, these islands bear away the palm from any other place on this globe:—no change of clothing is necessary here throughout the year. The thermometer in winter generally fluctuates between 54 and 60 degrees, and in summer from 65 to 75: some few days in winter it is down to 52, and once or twice I have known it at 50. In summer, some few days, the mercury is up to 78 and even to 80, but beyond that I never knew it to rise. The difference of temperature between 12 at noon and 10 at night, is regularly 1 to 2 degrees only and seldom deviates. Thus our fields and gardens are covered with evergreens and flowers all the year; and the tropical fruits, here intermixed with the fruits, shrubs, plants, flowers, garden stuffs, and vegetables of the northern climates, all growing in the greatest luxuriance, strikes the eyes of strangers with surprize and delight. Fulwar Skipwith, Esq. who touched here for refreshments on his way from London to Philadelphia, two years since, was of opinion that this must have been the island of Calypso; no venomous or troublesome creatures or insects inhabit these islands; not a snake, toad, frog or lizard to be seen; a few musquitoes of the most harmless kind, and fleas and rats are the only plagues we have: the first are so few and diminutive as to be of no account; the second can be got rid of, in a great measure, by cleanliness; but the rats are indeed an intolerable nuisance, as they swarm in every part and eat the fruit on the trees. The people enjoy universal health, and no epidemic or contagious disorders are known here. The disadvantages attending living here is the deficiency of what we call rational society, and the means of educating our children. There is a great deal of conviviality among the people here, and we have balls, card parties,

&c. very frequently ; and as strangers are continually coming and going by every arrival, we receive gazettes and other publications. I do not feel any great want of society, but my children I am obliged to send to England or America for their education, which is painful and very expensive.

As there are here a sufficient number of persons capable of conducting the commerce of the island, they are very jealous of strangers coming among them to do business, and combine to cross and vex them in such a manner that they cannot well succeed: the foreign consuls only are an exception—As they know one from each trading country must reside here, if sent, they receive him very cordially, and he is immediately received into their commercial community. The only consuls of any consequence here, are the British, Spanish and American, and they indeed engross a great part of the trade—A great portion of what these people want from abroad, being furnished almost exclusively from the U. States; say, boards, staves, timber, wax, rice, whale oil, teas, naval stores, rum, flax, leather, flour, and corn, (the last two crops having fallen short.)

In consequence of the non-intercourse with England, this island became one of the foreign depots (in 1809 and 1810) for American produce, whence it was re-shipped to England. This occasioned a prodigious pressure of commerce here. There arrived in that time, 160 American vessels, generally large ships and valuable cargoes.

Labourers' wages are only twenty cents per day, and lighterage, &c. &c. in proportion. There is no paper money here ; joes, dollars and pistareens are the current medium : guineas and doubloons are received, but not at par, the former at four, and the latter at fourteen dollars.

All strangers are struck with astonishment at the grandeur and beauty of the views and scenery on this island. It is surprising how little is known of these islands : most people, some how or other, connect them in

idea with the savage islands of Cape Verds. I made a visit last summer, with my family, to St. Michael's, and passed some time at what is called the Furnace (of old Vulcan, probably) the most magnificently romantic spot that, perhaps, is to be found in this globe ; at least, this is the unanimous opinion of all strangers, many of whom had visited Italy, Germany, Spain, the Alps, Pyrennees, &c. &c. After leaving the habited and cultivated parts of the island, we scramble up mountains on jacks for several hours, to reach the summit of the east part of the island—We then descend into a deep valley, a beautiful level, of about five miles in length and two or three in breadth : here gushes forth in a great number of places, the strongest mineral waters, of all kinds and degrees, both hot and cold ; and hither resort annually, great numbers of persons in search of health, and few there are who do not find it.—Near the most convenient places for bathing, is quite a large village, having near fifteen hundred inhabitants. An immense number of Lombardy poplars and willows have been planted to embellish the scene, which is majestically grand, and bids defiance to all description. My vice-consul, Thomas Hickling, Esq. whose family we went to visit, and who has his house in the city, and an elegant house and gardens three miles from town, has here also a most superb establishment. A fanciful, roomy and commodious house, with an elegant fish-pond of soft common water in the front, surrounded by fine gravel walks and weeping willows ; an island in the centre, to which is thrown a fancy arched bridge ; a fine park adjoining, with beautiful gravel walks, and box borders ten feet high ; a small river running by it, so strongly impregnated with iron, that the stones over which it runs are incrust-ed with that metal—Near by are the bathing houses, at a sort of confluence of this river, and a number of sulphurous and other springs. Here the earth looks and smells like a mass

of sulphur, and the springs, the water of which is conducted into the bathing houses, are so strongly impregnated with sulphur, that scrofulous disorders soon yield to their power. The springs are boiling hot, and previous to their being conducted to the baths, are carried into reservoirs, where they are left to cool to the degree required. Smaller springs are issuing forth in all directions, and near the bathing house is a spot where a person can stand and touch the strong boiling sulphurous water of one spring, and with the other hand touch a spring of a very different quality, cold as ice, and extremely acid. The qualities or virtues of this last are not known, the iron and sulphur waters being only used. These streams and springs form large brooks, that find their way to the ocean through some of the frightful crevices of the mountains. Independent of the virtues of the sulphur baths, they are the most pleasant to bathe in of any I ever experienced: they leave the skin soft and pliant, give a sprightliness and elasticity to the whole body, and create a fine appetite.

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO.]

A RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1811.

ON the commencement of the new year, it is a practice not only becoming the historian, the philosopher, the moralist, and the christian, but we had almost said incumbent on every rational being, to take a calm and cautious retrospect of that which has just concluded its circle; to collect, and faithfully enregister, if not on paper, at least in the memory, the most striking and instructive events and phenomena, whether physical, moral, political or accidental, that have fallen out within its compass. A view like this, embracing such a mighty and diversified mass of anterior occurrences, can seldom fail to be pregnant with sources of something desirable,—amusement, delight, improvement, or amelioration—to every feeling and

contemplative mind. It furnishes both matter and motives for reflection on the past, enjoyment of the present, and useful calculation and arrangement, as to that which is to come. It addresses itself to every spring and power in our nature that are worthy of cultivation—to the heart, through the medium of some event that has excited the passions, or awakened the affections—to the understanding and the judgment by an expanded and practical representation of nature and society, the laws of our Creator, and the institutions of man—to the imagination, by means of the beautiful, the terrible, or the sublime—and to our sense of religion, by enabling us to trace, at times, the finger of Providence in the administration of sublunary affairs.

The present is a period, which, in a manner the most earnest, and with a voice peculiarly loud and solemn, calls on the American people to employ their minds in such a retrospect. On the ever-restless pinions of Time, the year 1811 has passed away; but its *events* are not of so transient a nature. While the present inhabitants of our country shall survive, *they* will cling to the memory with an indissoluble adhesion, and some of them will be transmitted to posterity in a recorded form,

—“Ære perennius, si non
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius,”

more durable than bronze, if not more lofty than the heaven-supporting pyramids.

To such of our readers, then, who are more inclined, for the moment, to be serious and contemplative than sportive and gay—whose souls are attuned rather than to solemnizing thought, than to exhilarating fancies—to “salutary wo, rather than to useful mirth”—to such of our readers we especially address ourselves. We invite them to accompany us, in imagination, to some elevated and commanding spot, where our prospect of time, and space shall be equally unobstructed. In this situation, where all must be silence, and where no per-

plexing cares must be suffered to intrude, we will endeavour to present them with a mirror, in which they may behold, on a miniature scale, a few of the principal events of the year that has just elapsed. It is not, however, our intention, nor would it comport with the limits of the present article, to attempt to trace these several events to their causes. Equally foreign is it from our view to draw from them, in a spirit of censorship and uncharitable denunciation, all those moral and theological conclusions, which in the opinion of some, they might seem to warrant. Our chief business shall be to represent facts, leaving to our readers to make such application and use of them, as each one's feelings may incline him, and his judgment direct.

Recollecting, then, the words of the poet, "*omnia ab Jove incipiuntur*," all things begin from above, we will first direct our attention to the heavens. We are here presented with a "burning sphere," a "fierce, fiery form," threatening in its aspect, and stupendous in its dimensions, which had lately made an eruption into the solar system. One of those rare and erratic bodies denominated comets, alike unusual for its magnitude and brilliancy, with its "illimitable torch," lighting up the heavens like another moon, appears in the north, and with a rapidity of motion, altogether inconceivable to us, sweeps across the hemisphere, till it disappears in the south. Although happily emerged from that dismal night of ignorance and superstition, during which the approach of comets excited universal terror and dismay, these "meteor orbs" are still viewed by us with a lively interest and awakened feelings—we are still susceptible of very serious and solemn impressions from their appearance. When attentively examined, and considered in all the views and relations they present to the mind, their aspect is no less awful than sublime. Though it would be difficult to persuade us that they do literally, "from their fiery hair,

shake pestilence and war," yet we cannot help regarding it as an extreme, almost equally extravagant, and certainly no less erroneous, to contend, that they are altogether inefficient in their passage through the solar system. That they produce some effect on the economy of this earth, as well, perhaps, as on that of her sister planets, is a point respecting which our present views of the subject absolutely forbid us to cherish a doubt. On this topic, however, it is our intention to dilate in a future article.

Were we, at this time, to dwell any longer on the subject of comets, it would be to descant on the wonderful display they make of the infinitude of space, the grandeur of the universe, and the immensity as well as the power, wisdom, and goodness of Him who rules all, controls all, preserves all, and is every where present. In relation to these points, the comet seems to impart to us a more luminous and impressive lesson, than all the other bodies that roll through the heavens. More rapid in its motion than the lightning of the skies, travelling several millions of miles every hour, it journeys at this rate for many centuries, before it completes a single round of its customary orbit. How many other suns it passes, through how many other systems it sweeps, and what proportion of entire space it traverses during this stupendous career, it does not belong to us even to conjecture.—Imagination itself, unable to pursue it through a field so unbounded, shrinks from the attempt in absolute despair. When we reflect on the inconceivable impetus with which the comet moves; the number of other celestial bodies it must necessarily pass in its course; the thousand fragments into which it would shiver both itself and them, were it to impinge against them; the disorder and confusion likely to ensue in the grand system of nature, from such an event, and the difficulty of regulating and controlling millions of such bodies, all flying in swift and simultaneous motion—when we

reflect on these points, we are lost in amazement at the power, the wisdom, the vigilance, and the benignity of that Being, who sits at the helm of creation, and directs the movements of the mighty machine. Such is the lofty and pious style of reflection, which the appearance of comets is calculated to inspire; and, should it not be thought to savour of self-com mendation, we might safely, because truly, add, such is the style which oftentimes took possession of our own mind, on viewing the comet of 1811. It is, in a peculiar manner, when looking on these bodies, that we are inclined with the poet, emphatically to exclaim,

—“An undevout astronomer is mad.”

On the 17th day of September last, the sun suffered an annual, amounting almost to a total eclipse. The skies were unusually serene, as if fitted up for the grand celestial exhibition. The spectacle bespoke, in the loftiest language, the boundless power and magnificence of its author. It displayed a most impressive combination of the terrible and the sublime. Solemnity and awe were its necessary effects on the minds of mortals. Even the inferior animals seemed fixed, for a while, in deep apprehension and mute amazement. While the astronomer applied this instructive phenomenon to the cultivation and improvement of his favourite science, the pious and reflecting mind could not fail to derive from it a freshened recollection, and to perceive in it a faint image of that great day, when the moon and the stars shall withhold their light, and the sun himself be turned to darkness.

From this brief survey of the heavens, we must now direct our view to the atmosphere and the earth. Here, again, we are presented with a series of events, during the year 1811, not, indeed, new with regard to their nature, but certainly new, in relation to the scale of magnitude on which they occurred. In the United States, the intensity of our summer heats was, for a short time, unparalleled

within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Perhaps it would not be extravagant to assert, that it was without a precedent in the annals of our country. Certainly thermometrical registers do not, at any former period, place it so high.

In one place the earth was unusually parched with drought; in another, drenched with torrents of rain. In Europe, whole plains and forests consumed by fire, and thousands of peasants either reduced to beggary, or destroyed by the conflagration.

“*Robora comprehendit, frondesque: elapsus in ignis
altas
Ingentem cœlo sonitum dedit: inde secutus
Per ramos victor, perque alta cacumina regnat,
Et totum involvit flammis nemus, et ruit atram
Ad cœlum picea crassus caligine nubem.*”

In the United States, various places overwhelmed by unheard of inundations, sweeping along with them, in promiscuous ruin, the works of nature and the monuments of art, the products of the “unvanquished forests, and the labours of the cultivated farm.

“*ruit arduus æther,
Et pluvia ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
Diluit: implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescent
Cum sonitu, fervitque fretis spirantibus æquor.
Proluit insano contorquens vortice sylvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta tulit.*”

As far as records entitled to credit are extant on the subject, the inundations of the year 1811 appear to have been more formidable and destructive in the United States, than those of any former period since the settlement of the country.

Of these overwhelming floods the ultimate effects were by no means made manifest on their first appearance. Their aspect was terrible, and their devastations great, on the tracts of country over which they immediately swept. Beyond these limits they were not, in the first instance, felt, except through the medium of public

sympathy. Disasters, however, of a more melancholy and extensive nature they still kept in reserve. Bodies of stagnant water which they every where left behind them, being impregnated with vegetable and animal matter, and acted on by the rays of an ardent sun, were soon converted into vast and offensive repositories of putrefaction. From these numerous and prolific sources issued a noisome odour, accompanied by a pestilential vapour, which soon infected the atmosphere to a great distance around them. A state of things like this could not long remain ineffective or innocent. Diseases of a malignant character and dangerous tendency overspread the adjacent country, in some instances, to a very alarming extent. Whole families and settlements were prostrated at once, the well being insufficient to minister to the wants and distresses of the sick. Under such circumstances, the mortality could not fail to be great, although not always in proportion to the extent of suffering, or the amount of disease. In no instance does Death appear to have been sparing, in many he was unusually prodigal of his visits; in no instance had the Grave a right to complain that he was defrauded of his due. This is no exaggerated picture of real, much less a mere fancy of fictitious calamity. It would be easy to demonstrate by authentic documents, that if it be in any respect false to nature, it is below the truth. Our large commercial cities have, indeed, been happily exempt from the devastations of those wide-wasting epidemics, which, on former occasions, poured their thousands into the tomb. Notwithstanding this, it is, we think, susceptible of distinct and incontrovertible proof, that within the limits of the United States, the year 1811 was as fruitful of disease, as any other since the middle of the eighteenth century. The general amount, therefore, of our national suffering from this source, constitutes an event which is strongly entitled to

our remembrance and serious reflections as a people.

Having glanced at our calamities inflicted by the waters, we must now turn to those that have so fiercely assailed us on the wings of the wind. When we take a view of the sea-coast, we behold the Atlantic, from the banks of Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico, frequently lashed into wide-yawning vallies and mountains of foam, by the fury of the tempest. Our liveliest sympathies are awakened, and our feelings even roused to horror, at the sight of numerous vessels within the very jaws of destruction, now tossed to the heavens, now sinking as low in the fathomless abyss.

"Hi summo in fluctu pendent, his unda dehiscens

"Terram inter fluctus aperit."

Here they are dashed against the rocks and shivered into fragments,

"Tres Notus obreptas in saxa latentia torquet,"

there they suddenly descend into a wide-gaping chasm, and the surrounding waters enclose them forever ;

"—— et rapidus vorat æquore vortex ;"

while such as are enabled to ride out the storm, are left in the condition of floating wrecks.

"Rudes cedunt, et mali et franguntur antennæ—

"—— laxis laterum compagibus omnes
"Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt."

It is a melancholy truth, that during the course of the year 1811, such "sea-scenes" as this have been unusually frequent. In no former year has the "spirit of the tempest" revelled with a sterner delight on the bosom of the Atlantic, or marked his course through the elements with more dismal commotions.

It is not, however, on the ocean alone that the winds have been productive of signal disasters. On the 10th day of September last, the city of Charleston, from being in a state of profound security, was suddenly assailed by one of the most fierce and tremendous hurricanes that ever

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brought dismay and calamity on a people. No tongue can describe, nor can imagination conceive the horrors of the scene. The roaring of the element was like the voice of thunder, and the impetus of its course more dreadfully irresistible than the lightning of heaven. Every thing was prostrated or driven in fearful confusion before it. Bricks, tiles, beams, stones, and even large and ponderous metallic bodies, were swept through the atmosphere like the thistle's beard. To consummate the terrors and grandeur of the spectacle, darkness dropped from the whirlwind his ebon wings, and shrowded the city in the gloom of midnight.

In the midst of such a "war of elements,"—such a seemingly impending "wreck of nature,"—what power was competent to rescue the inhabitants from inevitable destruction?—We answer,—*His*, and *His alone*, who sends forth, and controls alike, the howling tempest and the whispering breeze;

Who knows no high, no low, no great, no small,
But fills and bounds, connects and governs all.

He spoke, and the voice of the whirlwind was no more—*He* smiled, and the face of the heavens was serene. While the war of the tempest was raging around them, Mercy threw a shield over the humbled inhabitants, which the sword of the destroying angel was unable to pierce. People of Charleston! awful has been your visitation, and powerful the arm made bare for your deliverance! may the event tend to strengthen your reliance on a protecting Providence, and your gratitude evince that you are worthy of its signal interposition in your behalf!

Directing our attention from the air and the waters to the solid ground, we are there presented with a phenomenon of a character still more formidable and destructive. Staggered by the throes of some fierce imprisoned agent struggling to get free, the earth on which we tread, trembles be-

neath us, and swells into undulations that are visible to the eye. In one place the waves of the ocean, without any apparent cause, retreat from the shore, in fearful agitation; in another, assail it with unwonted fury. On the mountains, rocks are shaken from their beds, where they had reposed for ages, and hurled into the vallies in thundering commotion. In some places the "sure and firm set earth," loosened in its texture by the mighty concussion, sinks from its level and rises no more. Our dwellings quake around us like the leaf of the aspen. For a moment all is dismay and trembling expectation of immediate ruin. Even the inferior animals, struck with amazement at the impending horrors, stand mute and motionless, or hurry about in the wildest disorder.

This is but a faint picture of what occurred in various parts of the United States on the 16th and 17th of December last, when our country was shaken by an earthquake from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. The shocks were several times repeated, at short intervals, and some of them are believed to have been the severest that have occurred in this part of the American continent within the memory of our most aged inhabitants. There is strong ground of apprehension, that what *we* experienced was nothing but the expiring throes of an earthquake which was felt in all its force, in S. America or the West Indies.

[To be continued.]

CHARACTER OF FISHER AMES.

[As given in a Letter from a Scholar and Friend, to a Foreigner.]

Mr. Ames was gifted with a handsome person, with a voice uncommonly clear and harmonious, and was remarkable for the winning suavity and temperate dignity of his manners. To these exterior advantages he united, what is much more important, a heart of the utmost tenderness and sensibility; and that ardor of mind, that lofty enthusiasm, which are usu-

ally attendant upon genius of the highest order. His morality was unspotted and unsuspected. Indeed, amidst the rancor and virulence of contending parties, his integrity and honour have never been called in question. His patriotism was as pure as his morality was sound. Such was his unceasing anxiety for the public weal, that it preyed upon his health, and contributed to bring him prematurely to the grave! Of this I have been assured by those who knew him intimately, and whose correctness of observation cannot be questioned.

You think, with me, that the extracts which I sent you from his speech upon the British treaty, may safely challenge a comparison with some of the most brilliant specimens of English eloquence; that speech you say has raised the character of American genius in your estimation. I have conversed with several persons who were present, when this celebrated oration, supposed by many to be the most eloquent that has ever been heard in our congress, was delivered. They state the effects which it produced to have been so striking, as to rival those ascribed to ancient eloquence. He was then, in appearance, descending rapidly to the tomb; a circumstance of which, as is manifest by the conclusion of his speech, he was perfectly sensible. His aspect was calculated to excite the liveliest interest; and the whole scene to make the deepest impression. The annunciation of his intention to speak, together with the importance of the subject so deeply interesting to every American, drew an immense audience. The large hall in which congress assembled was crowded with a most brilliant assembly of both sexes. When he arose, all was hushed into the most profound attention, and every eye was fixed upon him. In a low and solemn, yet distinct voice, he pronounced an exordium, peculiarly adapted to his situation.

He then went on, in a forcible, argumentative, and impassioned strain,

to answer and refute all the objections which had been urged against the resolution proposed for carrying the treaty into effect. When he came to speak of the consequences that would flow from a rejection of the resolution, his whole audience were electrified. His voice summoned their imaginations to a scene of horror, which was described with a pathos and energy never excelled. This, together with the solemnity of his peroration, produced so lively a sensation in the house, that one of the leading members of the opposition proposed to defer taking the question, until the minds of the members had time to cool, and (as Pitt said after Sheridan had delivered his famous speech on the question of arraigning Hastings) until they should be able to distinguish "the blaze of eloquence from the light of truth." In this instance, however, though not in that of Sheridan, the blaze of eloquence was employed to diffuse, not to conceal the light of truth.—His oratory on this occasion was of the highest order—bold, lofty and impressive. We fancy that we listen to the voice of inspiration; and our minds are hurried along as by the resistless lyre of Timotheus. It is this kind of eloquence that has inflamed senates, and inspired armies with an invincible fury; that has appalled the guilty, and made princes, seated under the canopies of power and state, turn pale and tremble; that with "an awful warning voice" has made nations put on sackcloth, and humble themselves with fasting; and at other times, has poured myriads on the embattled plain to assert the honour of their country or of their God.

Contrary to his own expectations he survived this speech several years; and soon after retired from the bustle of public life. He then wrote many masterly dissertations upon the politics of our country, as well as upon those of Europe, which, in the present state of the world, are but too interesting to us. "The grave has at last closed over this illustrious genius,

"and his splendid orb is set for ever!" Since his death his writings, as well as some of his speeches, have been collected and published.—They all show an ardent zeal to serve his country, and the deep and lively interest which he felt in her honour and welfare. They are moreover fraught with political wisdom, and embellished by the graces of polite literature.

Of all our writers he is by far the most eloquent. He has been frequently compared to Edmund Burke, and in some respects there certainly is a resemblance. But, to use his own happy figure, "it is as difficult to compare great men, as great rivers; some we admire for the length and rapidity of their currents and gradeur of their cataracts, others for the majestic silence and fulness of their streams. We cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters."

Perhaps the character of his genius may be said to resemble Burke's, in the same manner that, according to Plutarch, Cicero and Demosthenes resembled each other. But I have always thought, that even Plutarch, able and masterly as he is in portraying character, carries his fondness for parallels too far. Still resemblances may sometimes be found between great men; and they may with advantage be compared. This can be done in the present instance. Like Burke, Ames possessed that prophetic sagacity, which divides the future from the past; and with him all his sentiments are just, noble and elevated. But their manner of conveying their ideas is very different. Burke, though certainly one of the most splendid writers in the English language, is swelling, pompous and sometimes turgid. Ames is generally concise, always energetic; and frequently pointed, though he is also figurative and magnificent. His metaphors and figures are however, for the most part original; and he is in my opinion even more happy than Burke in the use of them. He does not pursue them so far. His genius occasion-

ally blazes out like the lightning of heaven. Its corruscations dazzle the eye and electrify the nerves. He sees his subject not only clearly, but with the piercing eye of prophecy and inspiration; and by a single figure, bold, new, and striking, he sets it before you. It is not merely perceived; it is tangible; it has life and body and substance. In fine, his style like his thoughts is original and his own. He was too affluent in the riches of his own native genius to borrow.

His mode of reasoning is also peculiar to himself: or, if a resemblance can be found, it is in that of Lord Chatham. He rarely descends the regular steps of a logical deduction; but his arguments are, nevertheless, extremely forcible and conclusive. He is always glowing and energetic; and, where the subject admits of it, pathetic and sublime. What gave peculiar force to his eloquence, was the strong self conviction which he always manifested. This is discoverable in all his speeches, even to a reader; and must have been much more strongly felt by a hearer.

He is even more happy, if possible, than Burke, in drawing wisdom from the treasures of history. No writer ever more fully illustrated the maxim of one of the ancients, "History is philosophy teaching by example."

A statesman should indeed be formed from the recorded experience of nations. In history a vast volume is unfolded for the instruction of mankind: but few know how to read it with profit; few reap the lessons from it which it is calculated to teach. This knowledge Ames possessed in an eminent degree; he perpetually illustrates, embellishes, and enforces his principles, by arguments derived from the historic page.

It may be proper to remark, that he appears to have been less under the dominion of his passions than Burke. Whether they were naturally less impetuous, or that he felt more forcibly the necessity of checking and controlling them, certain it is

that they were not so predominant in his character.

Though it is undeniably true, that strong passions are generally formed to accompany a powerful genius, and when properly regulated, to aid and vivify it. Ames did not perhaps think with Burke, that "our passions instruct our reason." At least he was unwilling to subject himself to the guidance of such masters. Still we find the same solidity and wisdom in the opinions of both; and the same abhorrence of those "fools aspiring to be knaves" who would exchange rational liberty, good order, and sober government, for wild democracy and savage jacobinism.

In comparing these two men I must therefore say, that I think the American possessed, at least, equal genius, equal eloquence and equal goodness; though I will not contend that he had equal learning or equal opportunities of exercising his powers. But I must frankly declare, however such an assertion might hazard the credit of my taste with some, that his manner of writing is to me more delightful than that of Burke, much as I admire the splendid and gorgeous eloquence of that extraordinary man. I think the manner of Ames more easy and natural. He never tired either his readers or his hearers. We know that Burke frequently wearied the latter and sometimes perhaps fatigues the former. Like Burke he never received his full deserts in his lifetime. But the future generations of this country will do him justice; and will enrol his name on the list of the wisest and best of men, when the pitiful cavils and vapid criticisms of ignorance or jealousy will be lost in oblivion. His writings ought to be the manual of American youth. In them they will find the purest sentiments, delivered in a style easy, chaste and eloquent: which is infinitely preferable to those laboured pompous periods and "Johnsonian affectations," which have too much corrupted the state of American as well as of European writers.

The just praises which he was ever ready to bestow upon others, who might be considered as his rivals, show that he had not a particle of envy or of malignity in his composition. In a beautiful eulogium, which he terms a Sketch of Hamilton, one of the ablest as well as most enchanting delineations of character ever given, he impliedly acknowledges an inferiority to that great man, which every one might not be ready to admit. He considers him, indeed, as superior not only to himself, but to every man of the age.

Although as a *public* man, as a statesman and an orator, Ames was great and splendid, it is upon his *private* character that his friends delight to dwell. By those who were in habits of familiar intercourse with him, and listening to the fascinating eloquence of his conversation, superior even to that of his public speeches and his writings; who witnessed the warmth and tenderness of his heart, and his unsullied morality, he is remembered with enthusiasm. I have thus given you a sketch of one of the greatest, as well as most able men, which this, or perhaps any other country has produced. If I have not done justice to my subject, and I am conscious that I have not, I must apologize for myself in the language of this illustrious person, when speaking of almost the only American that deserved to rank as his equal,—"to delineate genius, one must feel its power." [American Review.

[FROM THE MIRROR OF TASTE.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE,
THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED ACTOR.

It may be considered as a proof, not the least satisfactory, of the superior greatness of a man, that nations contend for the credit of having given him birth. Seven illustrious cities of Greece disputed the claim of having given birth to Homer: or to use the expressive lines of the poet,

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Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes,
Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patria certit, Homere.

And the English, with Dr. Johnson at their head, have endeavoured to steal the cradle of Swift from a small court in Castle street, Dublin, where Letitia Pilkington has in her Memoirs, and Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who knew all about it much better than Dr. Johnson could, has in his life of the Dean, nailed it down for ever.

Respecting the birth of Mr. Cooke, there was for a short time some contention between England and Ireland; the former claiming his birth because he owed his education to her, while the latter laid claim to his education because she gave him birth. The truth, however, is now publicly ascertained in different biographical sketches; and, to such honour as a nation can derive from the birth of a man of genius, and an illustrious actor, Ireland is intitled, on the score of Mr. Cooke. His father was a subaltern officer in the British army, and whether Irish or English by birth, was quartered in the barracks in Dublin, in the year 1756, at which time and place, the hero of these memoirs was born. Indeed, his being an Irishman, is rendered probable by the circumstance of his marriage; our hero's mother, who was a lady of very high Scottish extraction, having clandestinely married him for love; thereby entailing upon herself the displeasure of her family, whose proud sense of dignity and hereditary loftiness even narrow circumstances could not depress. Adventures of this kind are generally supposed to belong more peculiarly to young Irishmen than to others: But since there are fortune-hunters of every country, we should not hazard a conjecture on the subject if it had not been an interested match on his part: money, however, was not in the case; the connexion, therefore, was one of those mere love matches, to which the Irish are so much more prone than their fellow subjects, and which their more cool

and calculating neighbours call imprudent.

All the sketches of Mr. Cooke's life, which have appeared in the periodical publications, are so very barren of biographical facts, that little more is to be collected from them, than that he was born, educated and became a player; all of which was sufficiently known before: but respecting his family, the fate of his father and mother, or whether they died or still live, these productions are all silent. While destitute of *authentic* materials from the press, discretion enjoins us to be cautious of making use of those which we have been able to collect from report and hearsay information. Much, very much, has been related of Mr. Cooke, in private conversation; much too in the public prints, and in the vagrant train of paragraphs, anecdotes, bonmots, green-room gabble, and theatrical chitchat, with which the newspapers of England abound. The far greater part of these we distrust too much to admit them into this sketch, as facts. We recollect, however, to have heard some years ago, from persons who not only well knew Mr. Cooke, but took, as we thought, a deep and sincere interest in his fame and welfare, that his parents highly resented his going on the stage, and carried that resentment to the grave, to his entire exclusion from the little patrimony to which his birth intitled him; and, that this circumstance made an impression upon his sensibility which had been nearly fatal to his life, and was thought to be the *radical cause of all his subsequent misfortunes*. As this was given not only with every appearance of sincere sorrow, but with a minute circumstantiality of detail, seldom associated with falsehood, we did at the time give it full credence; and we have not since had any reasonable grounds for withdrawing our belief; at the same time we should be sorry to be responsible for the authenticity of the facts, and therefore will barely say, that from collateral circumstances, they seem to us at

least probable. If they be true, then it may reasonably be inferred from them, as well as from his being an officer in the army, that Mr. Cooke's father, as well as his mother, was of a high gentleman's family; since inveterate prejudices against the stage life, and a contempt of actors, have for a long time been unknown to any other description of people.

While our hero was yet a child, his father went, probably with his regiment, to London, where he remained five years, then moving to the North of England, placed George at a school, at which he remained till he had accomplished his fifteenth year. It was during this period of his life he first conceived an attachment to the stage, or to use his own words, as they are related of him, became infected with the theatrical *mania*.

The first play Cooke ever read was *Venice Preserved*; than which, not one in the British drama is more calculated to fasten itself upon the heart of a boy of warm imagination, or to nourish in him and augment a secret natural predisposition for the drama. The same cannot be said of the first play he ever saw: the courtly gravity of Lord Townly in the *Provoked Husband*, even if it had been better performed than it could have been by Mr. James Aikin, being little calculated to kindle the flame of genius in a youthful bosom: *Venice Preserved*, however, was fully sufficient; and the boy felt his appetite for dramatic poetry now so very keen, that he had no rest till he borrowed from a clergyman, who resided in the town, a complete set of Shakespear's works, which he may be said rather to have devoured than perused. A volume of his adored poet was his manual by day, and the companion of his pillow by night:—On him he meditated incessantly, and, to use the words of Hamlet, hung upon the great bard, "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed upon." His exclusive devotion to this object of idolatry broke in upon his school studies; his tasks were neglected, or but half per-

formed; and he was often compelled to pay the smarting price of birchen discipline, for the delight he received from the drama: but the severity of his master, however just, had only the effect of all severe persecutions, and attached him the more violently to his ruling passion. The bent was fixed in his nature; opposition increased it; and soon enough opportunities occurred of practical operation, which completely confirmed his propensity, and gave to the predisposing influence of his will, the full force and effect of habit.

The enthusiasm of our hero imparted itself, though in a less degree, to his companions. The glowing effusions of Shakespear's muse poured forth by him incessantly "with good emphasis, and good discretion," could not be entirely resisted by the warm sensibility of ingenuous youth; and it was at length agreed that a play should be got up among themselves, and acted privately. The choice of the piece being left to Cooke, he selected *Hamlet*, intending to perform the principal character himself:—He had the mortification, however, to find that his youth evicted him from the part in the opinion of his companions, and to see a comparative dunce usurp it, only because he was elder. He was obliged to take up with *Horatio*, therefore, which he did with great regret. He had, nevertheless, cause to rejoice in the end, for he had the consolation of a complete triumph over his rival *Hamlet*; since, circumscribed and unimportant as the character of *Horatio* is, his performance of it was such that he made it in acting the superior character of the two, and obtained more applause than the hero of the piece. The next play, which our juvenile party enacted, was *Cato*; in getting up which, a circumstance occurred still more unpropitious and revolting to our hero's feelings. To avoid all cause of altercation, it was agreed to determine the cast of the *dramatis personæ* by lot. Cooke drew *Lucia*: and such was the chagrin he experienced at the idea

of wearing a petticoat, instead of strutting in a Roman toga, that the supposed degradation had nearly quenched the ardor of his passion, and crushed his scenic ambition in its very outset. But the plaudits he received, afforded a seasonable relief to his irritation.

On his emancipation from school discipline, in 1771, he went to sea, and afterwards embarked in business; but less from inclination than necessity. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-one, he spurned at trade, as an occupation unworthy of his aspiring mind, and, coming into possession of a legacy bequeathed him by a distant relation, quitted all employment, to indulge his favourite passion and pursuit. It was not, however, till he had run through his inheritance, that he made his *debut* on the public boards.

His first appearance on any regular stage was in the spring of 1778, when he performed the part of Castalio in the Orphan, at the Hay Market theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Massey; and, with such complete success as determined him to embrace the profession as his future means of support. He played two or three subsequent nights at the Hay Market, and then joined a provincial company. From this period till the summer of 1786 (with the exception of nearly two years, when a second family windfall enabled him to act the part of the gentleman *at large*) Cooke ran the customary round of Thespian itinerancy; passing his noviciate in various provincial companies, particularly those of Nottingham and Lincoln. In July 1786, he enlisted under the banners of the York manager, Mr. Wilkinson, and came out in the part of Count Baldwin, the same night that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance at that theatre, in *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*.

The May following, he repaired to Lancaster, having joined the Newcastle company, with whom he continued four years, performing successively at Newcastle, Chester, Lancaster, Preston and other towns be-

longing to that district. In April 1791, he entered into an engagement with the manager of the Manchester theatre, to whom his talents were already experimentally known; Mr. Cooke having, previously to his treaty with the York manager, acted at Manchester a whole season with great applause, besides a winter spent at Liverpool. In November 1794, Mr. Cooke visited the capital of the sister kingdom at the pressing invitation of Mr. Daly, at that time director of the Dublin stage.

He returned to England the following year, and in March 1796, rejoined the Manchester company, with whom he stood in high favour and repute; and, indeed, it reflects no small honour on the taste and penetration of the inhabitants of that town, that among the foremost to discern, they have been among the foremost likewise to foster and encourage the talents of a man, who owes his professional success entirely to his own intrinsic merit.

In October 1797, Cooke made a second trip to Dublin, the management of that theatre having devolved into the hands of the present patentee, Mr. Jones. Here he remained three years, rapidly rising in celebrity and favour, being justly regarded as the hero of the Dublin stage, and the *Roscus* of Ireland.

The state of the internal policy and economy of Covent Garden theatre, rendering it at that time indispensably necessary to secure a powerful accession of talents, in the event of certain contingencies then undecided, the proprietor very naturally directed his inquiring eye to our hero, whose growing reputation and acknowledged excellence pointed him out as the fittest person to counterbalance the weight of popular talents at the other house; as well as to supply the loss which might possibly accrue from any defection then apprehended in his own corps. Offers were accordingly made to Mr. Cooke, of too tempting and persuasive a nature to be easily resisted; and, thus the

town became indebted to Mr. Harris for the acquisition of an actor, who ranks among the very brightest ornaments of the profession. It was on the 31st of October, 1800, he made his first appearance on the Covent Garden boards, in the character of Richard the Third, and made a far more powerful impression on the public than any actor since the debut of Garrick. Expectation had been raised to the highest pitch, from his fame which renown had blazoned abroad: never were interest and curiosity more strongly excited; never was any appearance crowned with more distinguished success. The wonders of his performance flew like wild fire through the city, so that on his next appearance, which was in Shylock, the house was crammed full. That season he played Richard fifteen times more, to overflowing houses; and every season afterwards, his Richard continued to be a standing weekly dish, a thing never known before, and which till it actually occurred, could not have been believed. Richard had not for many years been attractive: three or four times in one season was the most to which it had been extended with profit; and even so, it was considered as a worn out old stock piece. That it should regularly on each Monday night, for several years, bring full houses at Covent Garden theatre, is a proof of the superlative powers of the actor, which no human argument, however invigorated by genius or animated by spleen, can possibly overturn.

His performance of Shylock was thought to fall very little, if at all, short of that of Macklin. It is pretty remarkable that, in that prostration of mind, and total eclipse of memory, which rendered the last few years of Macklin's life little better than a childish blank, he frequently spoke of some actor he had seen in a northern company of strollers, who played the character of Shylock to his perfect satisfaction. "By the L—d, sir," he would say, "the fellow played it as well as I could."—

He would then naturally advert to the loss of his memory, and deplore his not being able to tell "the fellow's name." The first night Cooke appeared in Shylock on the Covent Garden boards, this writer was in the pit, accompanied by one who had been a particular confidential intimate and relation of the deceased veteran; and he immediately said, "Certainly this is the very actor of whom *old Mac* used to speak so warmly." To Shylock succeeded Iago, Kiteley, Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, and others. In all of which he possessed stronger powers of attraction than any actor that has existed within the last thirty years.

That Cooke, as a great and original genius, stands pre-eminently above all others of his profession now living, will hardly be denied by any one who weighs his merits fairly, and recollects how little he owes to elaborated art, and what a deadly enemy he carries within himself to the full and fair exercise of his talents. So little artificial indeed is there in his acting, that those who have formed their opinions of the profession upon what they have seen done by others, now living, can at first scarcely consider him an actor. In that admirable picture of human life, the novel of Tom Jones, Fielding places Tom Jones and his friend Partridge in the gallery, to see the tragedy of Hamlet—Hamlet by Garrick. Partridge, ignorant of the drama, and of the characters of actors, enjoys the whole play as a mere child of nature: is frightened at the ghost, wonders at Hamlet's venturing to follow it, and so on. The play being over, Jones asks Partridge his opinion of the play, and above all, which he thinks the best actor. Why the king to be sure, says Partridge. "The world thinks differently," returns Jones; "all concur in pronouncing him that played Hamlet the best player in the world." "What! the little man in black?" replies Partridge, confidently: "no, no, don't

no, dont you think to persuade me to that ! why I should have acted just as he did, if I had seen a ghost myself. No, no, he is no actor." In many of his assumed characters, a person as simple as Partridge would be likely to make the same remark on Cooke.

The first time Garrick made his appearance, he boldly struck into the path of nature, bursting from the old beaten road of slow, monotonous sing-song drawling. At first the audience could not decide, or indeed imagine what he meant. Truth and nature, however, soon broke forth in a full blaze upon them ; and Quin, Ryan, and the whole train of monotonists, sunk from the public eye like the ghosts in Richard. Quin, who was as candid in heart, as coarse in language, when prevailed upon to see him, said ; " If he be right, we have been all wrong : and by the L—d I am afraid he is." Something of the same kind of dubious sensation was experienced, we are told, at New York on Cooke's first appearance. After the tedious, monotonous syllabizing, dead march speechifying, to which this country has hitherto been so much accustomed, the natural acting, and familiar colloquial speech of Cooke, seemed at first strange and new ; but being conformable to nature, it stood its ground, and has carried away the crown of laurel.

We have written much, and read more upon Mr. Cooke's professional powers, having admired him extremely from the first time we saw him : but we have not yet met with any thing which for correct and luminous conception, truth, and brilliance of colouring can be put in competition with a critique on his Richard, which lately appeared in a New York paper. To prevent such an exquisite morcean from being buried in an unwieldy file, and mixed with the advertisements, and other lumber of a newspaper, and at the same time to offer our readers, (not one in a hundred of whom will have met with it in its original place) a just descrip-

tion, dressed up in language and illustrated with reflections superior to any we can pretend to employ, we extract so much of that critique as relates to our present subject.

" Mr. Cooke's style of acting," says the New York critic, " is vivid, original, and impressive. It is the product of genius, improved and exalted by taste and study. His excellence is drawn altogether from the resources of his own capacious mind. Nature has been by no means lavish of her bounties to the person or voice of this eminent tragedian. His figure is neither majestic nor symmetrically proportioned : his voice though not deficient in compass, is neither mellow nor varied ; his gesticulation is more expressive than elegant : his gait is less distinguished for grace, than ease and freedom ; and it may be greatly questioned whether his stage walk is always compatible with the dignity of a hero. In what then, it may be asked, does the wonderful superiority of Cooke consist ? We answer, in the force and comprehension of his genius, the boldness and originality of his manner, the significance of his gestures, the astonishing flexibility of his countenance, and the quick and piercing expression of his eye, united to his thorough knowledge, not only of the text, but the meaning of his author. Mr. Cooke, in Richard, differs not more widely from, than that he surpasses, every other representative of the part. He not only enters on the threshold of the character, but is absolutely lost in its mazes. In all the diversified humors of the crookbacked tyrant, whether his duplicity is employed in wooing the affections of the fickle Anne ; whether his daring ambition is crowned with success or thwarted by opposing accidents ; whether his cool malignant sarcasms are thrown out at the court flies that surround him, or his perturbed spirit wanders in the world of terrible shadows ; he uniformly appears, through every change and variety of scene, impregnated with the genius of his author ;

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always impressive, always Richard. —To analyze his acting, is to enter into an enumeration of all his beauties. Our limits will only permit us to notice a few of the most prominent. In his first interview with Lady Anne, the deep dissembling cunning of Richard assumed an air of such perfect sincerity, that it might have deceived a mind less weak and trusting than the one whose credulity he so successfully played upon. In the same scene, where the mock-penitent tyrant demands his death from Anne, Mr. Cooke contrived to throw in the part a wonderful degree of force and expression. When he exclaims,

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill king Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch, 'twas I that stabb'd
young Edward—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

His instantaneous transition from the former to the latter part of each sentence, and his accompanying expressions of ardent attachment, displayed a mind deeply read in the language of genuine passion. The cool and settled malignity of Richard's heart in the sentence,

I can smile, and smile, and murder while I
smile,

was uttered by Mr. Cooke with admirable effect. And his subsequent adherence to the character which he here gives of himself, proves at once the force of his genius and the strength of his judgment. His affected piety and humility before the lord mayor, and his seeming unwillingness to accept the crown, were finely portrayed. Throughout this scene he not only evinced the deep-cunning of a practised villain, but the archness of a fiend. His burst of triumphant exultation at the success of his schemes, the energy of his manner in grasping the hand of Buckingham, and the vehemence with which he threw the prayer-book from him, at the departure of the lord mayor, were highly expressive of the swelling ambition of the proud and aspiring Gloster. Mid the noise and bustle that preceded the

battle of Bosworth Field, there was nothing so preeminently conspicuous as the cool, collected and thoughtful manner of Richard. His manner of bidding good night to the lords Surrey and Norfolk, was truly inimitable. It is in the delicate touches of nature like these, that the comparative excellence of actors can be fairly tested. To catch and embody, as it were, by the combined force of genius and judgment, a concealed beauty that has forever escaped vulgar perception, is the peculiar province and the highest merits of an exalted performer! Cooke was by no means as successful in the fifth as in the preceding acts. His exclamation on starting from his couch,

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds!
Have mercy Jesu!

were not sufficiently descriptive of the wildness and disorder which, at that moment, haunted the guilty soul of Richard. In this and the following passage, where he exclaims "a thousand hearts are swelling in my breast," there was less force and vehemence in his manner, than we have been accustomed to witness in the Richard of Cooper, and less, we think, than the character demanded. Upon the whole, however, Mr. Cooke is unquestionably the best representative of the part that has ever appeared on the American boards. It is a character which he has so profoundly studied, so happily conceived, and so masterly delineated, that perhaps, taking it all in all, we shall never witness a performance so replete with beauties, so finished, and so faultless."

To lament that the efforts of superior genius should be counteracted by great faults and foibles, would perhaps, be to impeach the dispensations of Providence, and to lament that men are men. It was Swift, I believe, who said that a few men of genius (I don't know how many, but certainly not more than four or five), if combined together and true to each other, could control and govern mankind: But that Providence, in

order to prevent that mischief, implanted in the nature of such men unextinguishable hatred and hostility to each other. May not something of the same kind be said of men of superior talents, individually? May we not, as a theory at least, suppose that the follies or the vices which are, with so very few exceptions, seen coupled with genius in every department of life, mechanic and scientific, are placed there for the purpose of preventing that undue ascendancy which it might otherwise enable its possessors to obtain over others. Let us then take men as nature or accident, both alike in the directing hands of the Creator, may have moulded them; Let us make use of the good and overlook the evil: and if in the present instance some blemishes at times break in upon, and for the moment impair the excellence of the actor, let us recollect that they do not destroy it; let us call to mind what as pious and virtuous a man, and as profound a moral philosopher as any that ever lived from the creation of the world to this day, once said of Mr. Fox, and apply it to the present subject. "He has faults; but they are faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lustre, and sometimes impede the march, of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great excellence." "What contrarieties," says the enlightened *Auberi du Mourier*, "often occur in the same person! How often the indulgence of one foible prevents the exertion and the advantage of many good qualities, and many virtues!" This he says by way of exordium to the history of Marshal Rantzau, in his memoirs of Ham-burgh. The only failing which can be set off against the great merits of George Frederick Cooke is unfortunately too well known to require particular mention in this place; if it were not, we should not even distantly allude to it; and in adverting to it we have no other object in view but, while recognising the fact, to assure our readers that it happens much sel-

domer than the foulmouthed tongue of slander has related; that it leaves still a greater superabundance of means to please, to delight, and to instruct; and that in a public career of many, many years, it has not yet been able to lower his professional character below the standard of *the first living actor*.

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF
MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

PERHAPS history records not, thro' all its countless pages, any characters, on whom we may more justly bestow the meed of patriotism, than those brave and heroic men, who, in the memorable period of 1775, dared to oppose the powerful arm of Britain, and conducted the United States of America to victory and independence. Nothing but a disinterested love of country and a noble zeal in the cause of freedom could have inspired their opposition to that formidable and warlike nation. It could not have been a spirit of revenge, nor a desire of conquest, nor yet a lust of power, which stimulated their exertions. Educated in the bosom of freedom, they were most religiously attached to the rights and privileges bequeathed them by their virtuous progenitors; and to defend and perpetuate these was the great object of their magnanimous determinations. At the imperious call of their country, they unsheathed their reluctant swords; and when the just claims of liberty were established, they bade adieu to the pomp and pride of arms, and mingled, undistinguished, with their fellow citizens. Their brave and patriotic deeds, and the invaluable blessings which their fidelity and courage have secured to us, should never be forgotten.

Among the first of these illustrious heroes, *Major-General Henry Knox* may be justly ranked. We shall not, however, attempt to heighten his fame, by refusing the tribute of me-

rited applause to his magnanimous compatriots. We wish not to conceal the opinion, that others might be enumerated equally brave and meritorious. And no one was more ready to appreciate the talents, or acknowledge the merits of others,

Boston, the metropolis of Massachusetts, has the honour of being the birth-place of our hero; and we cannot but observe, that it would have been alike to its honour, to have erected some suitable monument to the memory of so great a man. He was born in 1750. His parents were of Scottish descent. His mother's family name was *Campbell*. Of the adventures or history of his early years, we have not been able to obtain any particular account. It is ascertained, however, that, in his education, he had the advantages of those excellent town schools, for which Boston has long been justly celebrated. Before our revolutionary war, which afforded an opportunity for the development of his patriotic feelings and military talents, he was engaged in a bookstore. By means of his early education and this honorable employment, he acquired a taste for literary pursuits, which he carried through life. But if no brilliant achievement marked the period of his youth, it was distinguished by a very honorable and estimable trait of character, an attentive and affectionate deportment to his widowed, aged mother. His filial solicitude ceased but with her life. In his greatest elevation, in his most pressing duties of a public nature, she was remembered and honoured.

Young Knox gave early proofs of his attachment to the cause of freedom and his country. It will be recollected, that, in various parts of the state, volunteer companies were formed in 1774, with a view to awaken the martial spirit of the people, and as a sort of preparation for the contest which was apprehended. Knox was an officer in a military corps of this denomination; and was distinguished by his activity and discipline.

There is evidence of his giving uncommon attention to military tactics at this period, especially to the branch of enginery and artillery, in which he afterwards so greatly excelled.

It is also to be recorded, in proof of his predominant love of country and its liberties, that he had, before this time, become connected with a very respectable family, which adhered to the measures of the British ministry; and had received great promises both of honour and profit, if he would follow the standard of his sovereign. Even at this time, his talents were too great to be overlooked; and it was wished, if possible, to prevent him from attaching himself to the cause of the *provincials*. He was one of those whose departure from Boston was interdicted by governor Gage, soon after the disastrous affair of Lexington. The object of Gage was probably not so much to keep these eminent characters as hostages, as to deprive the Americans of their talents and services. In June, however, he found means to make his way through the British lines to the American army at Cambridge. He was here received with joyful enthusiasm: for his knowledge of the military art and his zeal for the liberties of the country were admitted by all. The provincial congress, then convened at Watertown, immediately sent for him, and entrusted solely to him the erection of such fortresses as might be necessary to prevent any sudden attack from the enemy in Boston.

Those who recollect any thing of the situation of the little army of militia collected in and about Cambridge in the spring of 1775, soon after the battle of Lexington, need not be told, that it was without order and discipline. All was insubordination and confusion. General Washington did not arrive to take the command of the troops until after this period. In this state of things, Knox declined any *particular* commission; though he readily directed his attention and exertions to the objects which congress requested.

It was in the course of this season, and before he had formally undertaken the command of the artillery, that Knox volunteered his services to go to St. John's, in the province of Canada, and to bring thence to Cambridge all the heavy ordnance and military stores. This hazardous enterprise he effected in a manner which astonished all who knew the difficulty of the service.

Soon after his return from this fortunate expedition, he took command of the whole corps of the artillery of our army, and retained it until the close of the contest in 1783. To him the country was chiefly indebted for the organization of the artillery and ordnance department. He gave it both form and efficiency. It was distinguished alike for its expertness of discipline and promptness of execution. The poetical line of colonel Humphreys has too much of truth to be considered merely as a compliment.

"Ere Steuben brought the PRUSSIAN lore from far,

"Or KNOX created all the stores of war."

At the battle of Monmouth, in New Jersey, in June, 1778, general Knox exhibited new proofs of his bravery and skill. Under his personal and immediate direction, the artillery gave great effect to the success of that memorable day. It will be remembered, that the British troops were much more numerous than ours; and that general Lee was charged with keeping back the battalion he commanded from the field of battle. The situation of our army was most critical. General Washington was personally engaged in rallying and directing the troops in the most dangerous positions. The affair terminated in favour of our gallant army; and generals Knox and Wayne received the particular commendations of the commander in chief, the following day, in the orders issued on the occasion. After mentioning the good conduct and bravery of gen. Wayne, and thanking the gallant officers and men, who distinguished themselves, general Washington says, "he can

with pleasure inform general Knox and the officers of the artillery, that the enemy have done them the justice to acknowledge that no artillery could be better served than ours."

Lord Moira, who is, perhaps, the greatest general in England, at the present time, has, in a late publication, borne testimony to the military talents of general Knox. Nor, should the opinion of the marquis Chatteaux be omitted. "As for general Knox," he says, "to praise his military talents only, would be to deprive him of half the eulogium he merits. A man of understanding, well-informed, gay, sincere and honest, it is impossible to know, without esteeming him, or to see, without loving him. Thus have the English, without intention, added to the ornament of the human species, by awakening talents where they least wished or expected."

We are aware, that general Knox never had the chief command in distant parts of the country, as had Gates, Sullivan, Green and Lincoln. But having the particular inspection and command of the artillery, it was necessary he should continue with the main body of the troops where the commander in chief resided. However, another reason may be assigned for this, highly honourable to general Knox, and which goes to show, that it was not for want of the confidence of Washington. When general Green was offered the arduous command of the southern department, he replied to the commander in chief, "Knox is the man for this difficult undertaking; all obstacles vanish before him; his resources are infinite." "True," said Washington, "and therefore I cannot part with him."

No officer in the army, it is believed, more largely shared in the affection and confidence of the illustrious Washington. In every action where he appeared, Knox was with him: at every council of war, he bore a part. In truth, he possessed talents and qualities which could not fail to recommend him to a man of the discriminating mind of Washington. He

was intelligent, brave, patriotic, humane, honourable. Washington soon became sensible of his merits, and bestowed on him his esteem, his friendship and confidence.

The character of general Knox receives a lustre from his opposition to the spirit of mutiny which discovered itself in a part of the army, previously to their being disbanded in 1782, and which threatened to prostrate the liberties of the country.—Availing themselves of the discontents existing among the troops, at that eventful period, on account of the inability of congress to pay them the wages due, some artful and ambitious individuals attempted to raise the standard of military rebellion, and to reward themselves, at the point of the bayonet, by the plunder of their fellow citizens. General Knox was most decided and active in suppressing this alarming combination. He hastened to communicate to the commander in chief a knowledge of the intrigues and mutiny in operation. By the exertions of general Washington, Knox and others, and by their promises to procure of congress every possible relief for the army, the spirit of faction was subdued; and the soldiers returned in peace to the walks of private life, with the grateful eulogiums of their fellow citizens.

On the resignation of major-general Benjamin Lincoln, Knox was appointed secretary of the war department by congress during the period of the coafederation.—And when the federal government was organized in 1789, he was designated by president Washington for the same honourable and responsible office. In speaking of this appointment of general Knox, judge Marshall has been pleased thus to characterise the man: "Throughout the contest of the revolution, this officer had continued at the head of the American artillery; and from being the colonel of a regiment, had been promoted to the rank of a major-general. In this important station, he had preserved a high military character, and on the resignation of ge-

neral Lincoln, had been appointed secretary of war. To his past services and to unquestionable integrity, he was admitted to unite a sound understanding; and the public judgment as well as that of the chief magistrate, pronounced him in all respects competent to the station he filled. The president was highly gratified in believing that his public duty comported with his private inclinations in nominating general Knox to the office which had been conferred on him under the former government."

This office he held for about five years; enjoying the confidence of the president, and esteemed by all his colleagues in the administration of the federal government. Of his talents, his integrity, and his devotion to the interests and prosperity of his country, no one had ever any reason to doubt. In 1794, he retired from office to a private station, followed by the esteem and love of all who had been honoured with his acquaintance.

At this time he removed with his family to Thomaston, on St. George's river, in the District of Maine, two hundred miles north east of Boston; and there resided the greater part of the time, until his death, in October, A. D. 1806. He was possessed of extensive landed property in that part of the country, which had formerly belonged to general Waldo, the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Knox.—Near the head of the tide-waters of that river, on the site of an old fort, (built under the direction of general Waldo in 1752) he erected a spacious mansion, evincive at once of the taste and liberality of the owner. His numerous guests were received with a smile of complacency, and attended by the genius of hospitality. He was furnished with a handsome collection of well chosen volumes in all the different branches of literature and science; with an exception, however, as it respects the ancient classics: and next to that of Mr. B. Vaughan of Hallowell, his was the largest and best private library in the District of Maine. His public spirit was dis-

played in numerous instances, by encouraging schools, locating and repairing roads, promoting the erection of a place of public religious worship, and by exciting an attention to agriculture among his neighbours.

At the request of his fellow citizens, though unsolicited on his part, he filled a seat at the council-board of Massachusetts; during several years of his residence at Thomaston. On all public political questions, his opinions had great influence with governor Strong, at that period the worthy chief magistrate of the commonwealth. Like him, he was disposed to conciliate his political opponents; and in his decisions, wholly free from the spirit of intolerance.

In 1798, when the repeated insults and the hostile menaces of the French directors made it necessary for our national rulers to manifest a resolution to defend our rights, general Knox was selected, with Washington, Pinckney, Hamilton, and others, as worthy again to protect the honour and liberties of the country. The talents of these distinguished patriots were not, indeed, put into actual requisition on this occasion, as the tyrants of France relaxed in their measures of hostility as soon as they perceived the spirit of our government. But the selection was proof of the high estimation in which these characters were held by the public.

Among the various instances to be adduced to shew that general Knox was one of those eminent characters, whom a discerning people *delight to honour*, should also be mentioned, the degree of *Doctor of Laws* conferred on him by the president and trustees of Dartmouth College: and it may well be considered an evidence of their opinion, both of his eminent patriotic services and extensive information.

Of that noble disposition, always attendant on real greatness, which inclines one to do justice to the talents and merits of others, general Knox possessed an honourable portion. He could hear others praised, without

emotions of envy; and he delighted to enumerate the good qualities of men in public life. He ever spoke of general Washington in terms of the highest respect, as a statesman and patriot, as well as a military commander. Next to him, in point of military talents, he was known to rank generals Green and Lincoln.* The mutual attachment, which subsisted between him and general Lincoln was equally honourable to both. And to both might justly be applied the eulogy bestowed by Homer on his favourite hero;

"The mildest manners marked the bravest mind."

The amiable virtues of the citizen and the man were as conspicuous in the character of general Knox, as the mere brilliant and commanding talents of the hero and statesman. The afflicted and destitute were sure to share of his compassion and charity. "His heart was made of tenderness." And he often disregarded his own wishes and convenience, in kind endeavours to promote the interest and happiness of his friends.

The possession of extensive property and high office is too apt to engender pride and insolence. But general Knox was entirely exempt, both in disposition and manners, from this common frailty. Mildness ever beamed in his countenance; "on his tongue were the words of kindness," and equity and generosity always marked his intercourse with his fellow-men. The poor, he never oppressed: the more obscure citizen, we believe, could never complain of injustice at his hands. With all classes of people he dealt on the most fair and honourable principles; and would sooner submit to a sacrifice of property himself than injure or defraud another.

To some, it may appear not creditable to the character of general Knox, that he should have contracted debts,

* Major-general Benjamin Lincoln, late of Hingham, Massachusetts; one of the most respectable of our citizens, a most zealous patriot, and the bravest of the soldiers.

which he was afterwards unable to discharge. But an apology, perhaps, may be found for this apparent impropriety of conduct, in his opinion of the rising value of his landed estate; from the avails of which he calculated to satisfy all the just demands of his creditors. A great portion of his lands had been mortgaged at a low rate: it was his expectation to have redeemed these, and to have freed himself from all pecuniary embarrassments in a just and honourable manner.

His matrimonial connexion was founded wholly in sentiment and affection. And Mrs. Knox also gave a decided proof of her attachment, by abandoning former scenes of elegance and indulgence for the privations and hardships of a camp, which were endured for eight years.

In his person, general Knox was above the common stature; and commanding form, of manners elegant, conciliating and dignified.

To the amiable qualities and moral excellencies of general Knox, which have already been enumerated, we may justly add his prevailing disposition to piety. With much of the manners of the gay world, and opposed, as he was, to all superstition and bigotry, he might not appear to those ignorant of his better feelings, to possess religious and devout affections. But to his friends it was abundantly evident, that he cherished exalted sentiments of devotion and piety to God. He was a firm believer in the natural and moral attributes of the Deity, and in his overruling and all pervading providence. His faith in christianity was never doubted by those who have heard him converse on the subject: yet in some respects he differed in his ideas on the doctrines of revelation, from those who are generally esteemed the most orthodox in theology. He had a strong belief of the immortality and immateriality of the soul: and would contemplate with increasing satisfaction and delight the prospect of intellectual employments and glories in the future world. The following para-

graph from his will, serves to give his opinion still more fully on the subject: "I think it proper to express my unshaken belief of the immortality of my mind; and to dedicate and devote the same to the Supreme head of the Universe—to that great and tremendous Being who created the universal frame of nature; worlds and systems in number infinite, and who has given intellectual existence to the rational beings of each globe, who are perpetually migrating and ascending in the scale of mind, according to certain principles founded on the great basis of morality and virtue."

In his political character, we should be unjust did we not give him the praise of candour and moderation. Though decided in his opinions and undisguised in his conduct, he could not be considered a zealot of party. Even his enemies (if enemies he had among those who knew not his worth) will not deny him the merit of impartiality and magnanimity. It is not, however, to be dissembled, that he was a warm advocate for the principles and measures of our beloved Washington. And with this conviction, it was impossible for a man of his sincerity and purity of mind to be guilty of any temporizing conduct, or of a change of opinions for the sake of popularity and promotion. On the elevation of Mr. Jefferson in 1800, he did not at first apprehend all the evils, nor did he speak with that severity of his political sentiments, in which some indulged themselves. Yet he ventured to predict, that so far as the new administration should differ from that of Washington, so far it would be found to be incorrect and injurious. "So long as the opinions and maxims of Washington have influence," he would often observe. "so long as his *real* political friends are permitted to direct the destinies of our country, so long shall we be independent, prosperous and free. But when his policy is exploded and his enemies bear rule, difficulties, dishonour and degradation will ensue."

GOSSIPING.—A Dialogue from Life.

Mrs. L. AH! *Mrs. B.* I am glad to see you. How do you do, ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, not very well. I have had a cold for several days. Last Thursday night I went to pay a visit to our new neighbour—didn't put on a shawl: you know the weather was quite cool, and Mr. B. advised me to put on one; but I says to him, says I —

Mrs. L. O, ma'am, did you know Sammy Wiffet is going to be married to his rich cousin at last? I always told you it would be a match. The family, I knew, would never let such a fine fortune go out of it. I am told they are going to live at her father's on the North River. I pity her, poor thing, for that. The old lady, I understand, has not the best temper in the world. Besides, I am told, she is not heartily for the match. She thinks the girl and boy are too young for marriage; and, 'pon my word, I think so too. I do assure you she is no more than fifteen; and he, I can't tell his age exactly, but I remember he was born about the time of my Jemmy's marriage; and that is, let me see next November will be—pray, (looking out at the window) whose coach is that?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I don't know; some upstart's, I dare say; but my cold's so distressing, and I have not been out of the house these five days, and havn't seen a soul at home, and just run over to have a little chat with you, though Mr. B. was much against my going out till I'm quite recovered. 'If you must go,' says he, 'be sure to put on a shawl.' So I says to Betty, 'Betty,' says I, 'do run up to my room and bring——'

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now I think of it, let me ask you if you've heard whether the Calthorpes are going to stay in their house this year? I'm told they're going to give it up, and going to live in the country: business is so dull, and Mrs. Calthorpes health is so bad, and their young children, and altogether, make them resolve to go into the country. So they give

out; but I understand the true reason is, Mr. Calthorpe's affairs—But I beg you'll not mention this again as coming from me; it's mere report, and I dare say an't true; but I just tell you what I've heard: it was whispered to me as a great secret, by Mrs. Pry, who told me not to mention it to any body, and I would'nt, except to a particular friend who will keep it to herself. Mr. Calthorpe's affairs are quite *deranged*, and he leaves town to prevent his ruin; and that, I think, is quite prudent. To be sure, he's lived in too high a style since his marriage. His wife had no fortune; he married her a poor *ga'al*, an orphan, poor thing, and living altogether on her aunt, who brought her up. Pray ma'am, have you heard any thing of their affairs?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, now you put me in mind, I think I *did* hear something of these folks. A gentleman, a relation of my husband's, a Mr.—, I declare, I've forgot his name, a tall portly man. Mr. B. invited him to dine with us on Sunday, and told me his name. The day before, he says to me, says he, Let's have something nice, to-morrow, for I've asked Mr.—, I can't think of his name, I wonder I'm so forgetful; but my cold's so troublesome that I don't remember nothing. I wanted to take advice, but Mr. B. laughed me out of it.—'Wouldn't it be as well,' says I, 'my dear, 'to send for Dr. Bolus? I'm fraid,' says I, 'this shocking cold will settle on my lungs.' This was on Friday night about dark: and just as I was speaking, who should go by but the doctor himself. So my husband called him in, and so —

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, that puts me in mind of something I wanted to ask you. I'm told Dr. Bolus is really engaged to the widow Waddle, and that they're to be married very shortly. The widow, I understand, has a pretty snug estate, and no children, and the doctors practice, they tell me, is lessening every day, since that unfortunate mistake of his with Polly Pepperill's child. I suppose you've heard of this story. The poor child

was drooping for some time, and the doctor was called, and he said it was the measles, and that no time wasn't to be lost; and he physick'd till the poor child actually died. 'Twas a sad mistake, indeed, of the doctor's. I'm told the family was very angry, and the doctor has'nt held up his head since. It's high time the doctor was married, if he means to be at all; though for my part, I can't say I'm over fond of late marriages. What do you think, ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I must needs say I don't like them at all. I was married myself at seventeen, and I'm sure I have no reason in the world to repent that I was married so early. Mr. B. was four years older than I was; but twenty-one, you know, ma'am, is quite young for a man: and Mr. B. was in a good way of business to maintain a family: and to be sure, we've had a family to maintain; for Mr. B.'s sisters were dependent on him. They lived at our house till they were married. When Jemmy Mather courted Patty, who was the last, I was heartily glad; for you can't think ma'am, how disagreeable it is to have many mistresses in a family. When the wedding was fixed, 'Im sure,' says I to Mr. B. 'I'm glad on't. The poor girl will get a husband, at last,' says I, 'and that's what she's wanted,' says I, 'a long time.' Patty was quite too fine a lady for me; and she greatly imposed upon her brother's good nature. She used to tease him for tickets to the play and the assemblies. One night we made up a party —

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now you talk of maiden sisters, what, I wonder, will become of Betsey Bolus, if her brother marries? I am told she's no friend to the match. The widow, I understand, made it a condition with the doctor, that Betsey should live somewhere else. She is quite of your opinion, that, one mistress in a family is enough. And Betsey, they tell me, is a little of the old maid in her temper: peevish as the deuce; always quarrelling with the maids.

The doctor can't keep a servant more than a month. The girl who lives with me lived with them some time, and tells odd stories of Miss Betsey's peevishness.

Mrs. B. O dear! it's clouded up, I see. It looks very like for rain. I must run home before it wets, or I shall only increase my cold. Mr. B. made me promise to come home if there was the least sign of rain; so, good night, ma'am. Pray come over soon; it's a long time since you've called, and I hope you'll come shortly. Good night.

Mrs. L. La, ma'am, what's your hurry? Do stay a little longer and take tea: it's just coming in.

Mrs. B. Can't, indeed, ma'am. Good night, good night.

THE SNARES OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

What whispers must the beauty hear?
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense her charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might then take place;
The slightest flap a FLY can chase.
In beauty, faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

GRAY.

BEAUTY is a captivating but fading flower, which often leads its youthful possessors into many distresses. Happy is it for those who are distinguished for their outward charms, that they are sheltered under the parental roof! happy for them that the watchful eye regards them with rigid circumspection. Few, in the early periods of life, are insensible to flattery, or deaf to the voice of adulation. Beware of the flatterer; be not deceived by fair speeches. Be assured, the man who wishes to render you vain of your outward charms, has a mean opinion of your sense and mental qualifications. Remember, too, that a young girl, vain of her beauty, and whose chief study and employment is the decoration of her person, is a most contemptible character; and that the more you are distinguished for the charms of your

face and the grace of your form, the more you are exposed to censure and to danger. The rose is torn from its parent stem, in all its pride of beauty; the jessamine is scarcely permitted to blossom, before it is plucked; and no sooner are their beauties faded, than the merciless hand, which was eager to obtain them, throws them away with contempt; whilst the primrose, the humble violet, the lily of the valley, and the snowdrop, less exposed to observation, escape unhurt, and uninjured by the spoiler's hand.

Learn, fair daughters of beauty, from the lily, to court the friendly shade: and from the primrose be convinced, that your best security may be found in retirement. If you wish to be admired be seldom seen; and if you are desirous of having a sincere lover in your train, let virtue, modesty, and sweetness be the only lures you make use of to ensnare. You may then, perhaps, by your good qualities, retain the heart which was at first a captive to your beauties; and when time has robbed you of the grace and the innocent cheerfulness of youth, secure a sincere friend to console you in the hour of affliction, and watch over you when deprived of those charms that first made him solicitous to obtain your love.

Repine not, my young readers, that your virtues are concealed in a homely form. If you have secured the virtues of the mind, you need not envy others the beauty of the face. And ye, who are decorated with every outward grace, be not vain of such fading externals; but tremble, lest they should tempt the designing to lead you into error.

Neglect not, then, in the giddy hours of youth, to make your mind a fit companion for the most lovely form. Personal charms may please for a moment; but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding, and an intelligent mind can never tire; we are soon weary of looking at a picture, though executed in a most

masterly style; and the woman who has only beauty to recommend her, has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colors are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are to be particularly observed: and the loss of beauty will not be regretted even by the man it first made your captive.

A PRUDENT HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

WHEN I was a young man I often visited a distant relation whom I loved, and to whom I and my family had been much obliged. This gentleman had nine agreeable, nay beautiful daughters, who had often entertained me with the slip-slop conversation of a rich, but low, underbred woman, their neighbor, whose husband been appointed high sheriff, occasioned her to talk much to these ladies about the *grand sheriff dinner* she was to give—I am determined (said she) to have no custards; for if I have custards, I must have jellies; if jellies, fruits, &c.

As I usually spent my Christmas at the country seat of this friend with his lovely family, there sometimes arose a kind of merriment, called Christmas gambols, questions and commands, &c. Now these innocent sports led the gentlemen sometimes to salute the young ladies all around; a pleasure in which I alone, who perhaps loved them best, always declined partaking.—This shyness in me seemed so unaccountable to them, that they one and all seized an occasion to rally me for possessing a *mauvaise honte*, so contrary to the etiquette at that time of the year. I confessed the force of the charge, and fully acknowledged my guilt; adding, that the only excuse I could offer was, that if I had custards, I must have cheesecakes; if cheesecakes, jellies; if jellies, fruits; and if—in short, before I had half done with my *ifs*, they all ran away, and left me in the field of battle, and never rallied to make an attack on me again.

MODESTY INCULCATED.

THERE is a native dignity in ingenuous modesty to be expected in the female sex, which is their natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which they should feel previously to the reflection that it is their interest to keep themselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the arms of the happy man to whom they give their hearts, but who, if he has the least delicacy will despise them, if he knows that they have been prostituted to fifty men before him.

The sentiment that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of the sex.

Women should consider every species of indelicacy in conversation, as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All double entendre is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from the mouths of women, or even when they hear it without pain or contempt. Virgin purity is of that delicate nature, that it cannot bear certain things without being contaminated. It is always in the power of women to avoid these.—No man but a brute or a fool will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

VIRTUE.

"'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
"That honor is a woman's life."

THERE is nothing, perhaps, in which the boasted superiority of man over the female part of the creation is marked with a blacker line than the impunity it affords him in the

commission of crimes which stain the character of a woman with everlasting infamy. One false step, one deviation from the path of virtue, ruins her forever. No sooner does her fault become known than she is the butt of scandal, and a mark for the pointing finger of infamy. Her former friends slight and neglect her, her invidious enemies triumph in her ruin; the neighboring teatables resound her disgrace. She is the scorn of her own sex, and the sport of ours. The virtuous shun her company as a dangerous infection; the eyes of modesty are averted at her approach; and the cheeks of innocence redden with a blush. Men of honor treat her with neglect, and libertines with saucy freedom. Nor is this all: she has many pangs to suffer from those who are her superiors only in artifice and cunning, who, while they bless heaven they are not so guilty, owe all their innocence to that craft which has preserved them from detection.

Driven from society, an outcast and forlorn, what can she do, forsaken by him who should have been her preserver? Neglected and despised, she becomes a prostitute for bread. Beware, Oh! ye fair ones, beware of vice! The path of virtue is that of happiness; and rectitude of conduct will reward itself; and let a remembrance, of the sad consequences ever guard you against the arts of the seducer. Whatever arguments may be used by the specious deceiver, remember he who would lead you from the paths of virtue is your assured enemy; and, that whatever may be his pretence, his object is your ruin.

A MAN OF HONOUR.

Voltaire, observing upon certain Dramatis Personæ in Congreve's plays, says, that "their language is every where that of men of honor, but their actions are those of knaves: a proof that he was perfectly well acquainted with human nature, and frequented what we call polite company." So that the arrantest scoundrel,

the blackest and most detestable villain, by frequenting polite company, and pretending to a more refined and exalted principle than that of common honesty, may be denominated 'a man of honour.' What a perverse and ridiculous use of words, which convey an idea just the contrary to what they express!—"We know very well," says Bruyere, that an honest man is a man of honour; but it is pleasant to conceive, that every man of honour is not an honest man." Pleasant, indeed; but this is not the worst; society suffers from this abuse of terms. "By separating the man of honour from the man of virtue," Hume says, "the greatest profligates have got something to value themselves upon, and have been able to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and dangerous vices. They are debauchees, spend-thrifts, and never pay a farthing they owe: but they are men of honour, and therefore to be received as gentlemen in all companies."

LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY ON
HER DEATH-BED TO HER SISTER.

DEAR SISTER,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging fiat will pass, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever. None about me pretend to flatter me with the hopes of seeing another morning.—Short space to accomplish the mighty work of eternal salvation! yet cannot I leave the world without admonishing, without conjuring, you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful hour you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly it may arrive.

We have had the same education, have lived in the same manner, and though accounted very much alike, have resembled each other more in our follies than our faces. Oh, what a waste of time have we not been guilty of! To dress well has been our only study; parade, equipage, and admiration, our ambition; pleasure our avocation; and the mode, our god.

How often, alas! have I profaned in idle chat that sacred name by whose merits alone I now have hopes to be forgiven! How often, alas! have I sat and heard his miracles and sufferings ridiculed by the false wits of the age, without feeling uneasy emotions at the blasphemy! Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of.

One moment, methinks, I see the blissful hopes of Paradise unveiled; I hear ten thousand myriads of celestial existences tuning their golden harps to songs of praise to the unutterable name. The next a scene all black and gloomy spreads itself before me, whence issue nought but sobs, and groans, and horrid shrieks; my fluctuating imagination varies the prospect, and involves me in a sad uncertainty of my eternal doom: on one hand beckoning angels smile on me; while on the other the furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting soul.

I dare not hope; nor will my reverend friend suffer me absolutely to despair. He comforts me with promises in holy writ, which, to my shame I was unacquainted with before; but now I feel them as balm to my tormented conscience.

I must bid you adieu eternally, I have discharged my duty in giving you this warning. Oh! may my death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that weight I wish and pray for; you are the last object of my earthly cares: I have now done with all below, shall retire into myself, and devote the few moments allowed me to that penitence which alone can recommend me to a glorious immortality. I die

Your affectionate sister,

FRIENDSHIP.

The name of Friendship still remains, but that is all: the heaven-born tree itself is quite rooted up and lost; and unless some advantage is

likely to follow, Friendship will not interfere. Friendship, in a fatal hour, contracted an acquaintance with Flattery, and was ruined: Flattery hath since assumed Friendship's habit, and it requires some study to detect the imposter, even under the specious guise of closest consanguinity.

"The world is all over so full of deceit,

"That friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet."

A COUP DE MAIN.

A RICH and handsome young widow lately asked a gallant officer, on half-pay, at what *fire-office* he would advise her to insure her house. "In either the *Union* or *Hand-in-Hand* office said he, significantly, "Is the *fire-office* near?"—"Very near, madam: I cover it with my hand," placing it on his *breast*. The lady was not insensible to his wit or merit, and speedily rewarded him at Hymen's *Union-office*.

A COUNTRY gentleman a few days since asked his son, who was at college, what was meant by a *Bachelor of Arts*.—"One (said the student) who woos the arts, but never wed's them!"

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

THERE is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the Great Author of being has distributed to each, with a wisdom which calls for all our admiration.

Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—Woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—Woman at home. Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.—Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it. Man has science—Woman taste. Man has judgment—Woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.

HINTS TO THE RISING GENERATION.

As the formation of the national character has always been considered a matter of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the learned and eminent of all ages, no apology need be offered for an humble endeavor to draw the attention of the rising generation to those abilities and accomplishments which have gained for the young men of these days a celebrity which must inspire universal emulation.

In the first place, it must be recollected, that as this is an enlightened age, more than ordinary care should be taken, to gain an insight into those sources, from which so proud a distinction from our forefathers has arisen; and if this point should, after long investigation, remain doubtful, you must recollect, that much depends on sound, as well as substance; and that the former will always enable you to give an explanation of the term, which, as no one will be able to understand, so none can ever refute.

With regard to abilities, if you should happen to be somewhat deficient in this respect, you may console yourself by observing, that the public favor is scarcely ever guided by the merit of the object; but that a title, a splendid fortune, or even what is termed a happy presence of mind, will always procure for you a distinction, which neither ability nor good sense would ever intitle you to.

Should your inclinations turn to oratory, I would advise you rather to use your abilities in those places where you think they may be of some service to you, than to employ them in a more numerous assembly, where, unless you are attached to a party, and are striving to get into place, it will be more for your advantage to sit still, and dispose of your vote to the best bidder. I think I need not guard you against the folly of advocating the cause of patriotism; the age is too enlightened ever to adopt a course of that kind; and if you were really sincere in your professions no one

would believe you : for as sir Pertinax Maescyphanth shrewdly observes, "even the common people have found out the joke, and laugh at the name of a *patriot*." Talk therefore of patriotism, but never practise it ; keep an eye to your interest, and if any foolish fellow should talk to you of Pym or Hampden, turn a deaf ear to him, and think on Sir Robert Walpole.

Adopt the opinions of others, when they are in conformity with your own, as this will save you considerable trouble ; but if you wish to regulate the opinions of others, by your own, assert every thing positively ; for this is the only way to make yourself believed.

As to literature, if you have any inclination or ability to pursue it, you may exercise your talents in writing sonnets for the newspaper in one name, and answering them in another ; for this cannot fail to get you reputation with the ladies, and procure you the appellation of a fashionable man ; or if you cultivate the profounder paths of history, glean from other authors, and work your fragment together, like a quack medicine, so as to conceal the ingredients of which it is composed ; by which means, if any of your readers should recognise an old acquaintance, they will not be able to discover where they have seen it before, and consequently cannot detect you.

With regard to accomplishments, do not neglect so fashionable a one as swearing ; this is in universal repute ; and if you should be told that it is practised by the lowest drayman that you see in the street, you may reply, that it is also used by the first and most fashionable people ; and the argument will at least hold as good on your side as on theirs. Learn also to drive your groom in style ; and take care that your dress be so exactly like his, that no one shall be able to distinguish any difference between you.

Drinking is another accomplishment, with which you must by no

means be unacquainted ; when you are used to company, however, this will become instinctive ; and if it should at first prove unpleasant to you to take such copious libations, be assured that practice will soon remedy this dislike : and, after you have been thrown under the table for some time, you will gain sufficient bottom to send others there in your room. Drink more wine as it increases in price—this is the very *acme* of fashion and must not be neglected.

Let the fashion of your clothes be conformed to every whim of the moment, lest any one should get a catalogue of your wardrobe ; or, if you are sufficiently celebrated, invent a fashion of your own : in the form, be careful not to be guided by taste ; Fashion, in this age has nothing to do with taste ; such ideas were fit only for the dark ages. It might not be amiss, perhaps, to adopt the idea of the famous Skeffington, who had just cloth enough dyed in the wool to make two coats, that his clothes should be of a different color to those of every other person.

Frequent public places ; but do not attend to any performance ; lounge in the lobbies, or chat in the pit with your friends in the boxes—this should be your principal employment ; you may also stare every modest woman out of countenance ; and if you should observe any quiet people, who seem to be entertained with the representation, do not fail to disturb them by talking or laughing loud. If you think you can insult a person with impunity, be sure to do it ; but never meddle with any one who seems likely to take you by the nose, or apply his foot to your seat of honor : for this might strike a blow at your reputation, which would not be very easily remedied.

Whenever you marry, instead of inquiring into the disposition or good qualities of the lady that you intend to make your wife, take care to learn the amount of her fortune, and the extent of her connexions. If she is handsome, it may serve to make you

fashionable; but do not let that be your only inducement; for beauty is a marketable commodity, and should therefore be but a secondary consideration. But above all things never marry for love: for if you do your celebrity is lost for ever. To preserve this, you must be an indifferent husband: conjugal happiness (in the higher circles especially) has long been exploded.

Whatever other maxims may be of service to you in the formation of your character, may be learnt by observing the manners and customs of the fashionable world. These will afford you an inexhaustible fund for your imitation and practice; and I have little doubt but that you will gradually increase by such means to that pitch of excellence, which alone reaches to the perfection that I have described. Heed not, therefore, the snarls of cynics, or the railings of misanthropy; but adhere pertinaciously to a line of conduct which is universally approved by the liberal and unprejudiced part of the community.

Anecdotes.

OF THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

THIS strange eccentric wag, in company with three other *bon vivants*, made an excursion to France. One had a false set of teeth, a second a glass eye, a third a cork leg, but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach; and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed, that at every baiting place they should all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint; and, as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted, Ad rot it, cried one, how that man squints! Why, d—n thee, says the second, here is another squinting fellow. The third was thought to be a better squinter than

the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted; for they went on a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs; and their stumping about made more diversion than they had at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, "Here, you fellow, take out my teeth!"—"Teeth, sir?" "Ay, teeth sir. Unscrew that wire, and you'll find they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second cried out, "Here, you, take out my eye." "How, sir," said the waiter, "your eye?" "Yes, my eye; come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easy as possible!" This done, a third cried out, "Here, you rascal, take off my leg!" This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also perceiving that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and, while the poor affrighted fellow was surveying with a rueful countenance the teeth, the eye, and leg, lying upon the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room; and, after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen upstairs were certainly all devils.

THEATRICAL.

IN Paris the theatre is called Paradise. The duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with only a *fille de chambre*, and to sit there. A young officer who sat next to her, was very free in his addresses: and when the play was over,

concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemingly accepted. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendance and equipage, and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into the carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she called out, 'Where is the supper you promised?' He bowed and replied, 'In Paradise we are equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you, madam, on earth.' This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the duchess's carriage, and a seat at her table.

A Gentleman apt to be very witty when in liquor, was asked by an acquaintance, if he belonged to the play-house? he replied, "No; why did you ask me?" "Because," returned his friend, "you are so dram-attic!"

A pedantic fellow called for a bottle of hock at a tavern, which the waiter not hearing distinctly, asked him to repeat—"A bottle of hoc, hic hæc hoc," replied the visitor. After sitting, however, for a long time, and no wine appearing, he ventured to ring again, and inquire into the cause of the delay. 'Did I not order some hock, sir? why is it not brought in?' "Because (answered the waiter, who had been taught Latin grammar) you afterwards *declined it!*"

At a late court, a man and his wife brought cross actions, each charging the other with having committed assault and battery. On investigation it appeared that the husband had pushed the door against the wife, and the wife in turn pushed the door against her husband. A gentleman of the bar remarked, that he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife *a-dore-ing* each other!

An Irishman some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, de-

siring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons; the flute-player informed him, that he generally charged *two guineas* for the first month, and *one guinea* for the second. 'Then, by my shoul,' replied the cunning Hibernian, 'I'll come the second month!'

A scholar declaiming in a college-hall, and having a bad memory, was at a stand, when in a low voice, he desired one who stood close by him, to *help him out*. 'No, (says the other) methinks you are *out enough* already.'

A prisoner being brought up to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: 'How do you live?' "Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and a pudding at dinner." 'I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?' "I beg your Worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop." 'You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do?' "Tolerably well, I thank your Worship: I hope your Worship is well."

A little girl, the daughter of the proprietor of a coal mine, after attentively listening to an account given her of hell by her father, who said it was a place where the devil perpetually roasted sinners at an immense fire, exclaimed, 'O papa, have you interest enough with the devil to get him to take his coals of you?'

A tavern-keeper, at a late court, seating himself too near the attornies, one of them remarked he was not in his place, not being one of their profession. 'You are wrong, sir,' answered he, 'I have the honour to *practice at the bar.*'

A traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham. and the left leg of a goose. 'Pray, sir, H

what is the peculiar luxury of a *left* leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg *left*."

Mrs. W—— walking on one of the wharves in New York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called *she*? "O, faith," says the son of Neptune, "because the rigging costs more than the hull."

A countryman being requested to help a member of congress out of a ditch, replied, that he had no hand in *state affairs*.

A gentleman and his man, riding into the country, met a fellow astride upon a cow. The man calls out to his master, "O! sir, yonder is a strange sight, a fellow is on *horseback* on a cow!" "That's a bull," said the gentleman. "Nay, sir," said the man, "it is not a *bull*; I know it is a *cow* by its teats."

The crier who attends the Corn Market of Bristol, England, being lately sent for to perform his usual duties, begged to be excused, and being asked the reason, replied, that "he could *not cry* to-day, as his wife was dead."

A young gentleman at the university in Cambridge, asked a collegian the loan of his *Virgil*. The inelegant pronunciation of the word *Virgil* was burlesqued by the young collegian in the following story, with which his invention readily supplied him:—"Late'y," said he, "I set out on a woyage to Wersailles, with one Captain Wiral, in a British wessel, called the Wiper. But we soon met with a wioleut wind which drove us into a port in Wirginia, where one Capt. Waughan, a very wicious man, inwited us on board his wessel, and gave us weal and wenison, with some winegar, which made me very sick; so I did womit like wengeance; and (reaching out the book) you may have my *Wirgil* and welcome."

During the last sickness of Oliver Cromwell, Col. Bond, his particular friend, died and, through some mistake, a report was circulated that Oliver himself had made his exit. While this report was spreading, one of the royal party, entering the parliament house, was asked if the Protector was really dead—"No, he replied, he is not dead, but he has just now given *Bond* to the devil for his appearance."

Two waggoners travelling different ways happened to meet at a place where the passage was so narrow as to render it difficult passing each other; a dispute consequently arose who should go out of the road to let the other go by. One of them roared out, "If you don't turn out immediately, I'll serve you as I did the other fellow just now." This address had the desired effect; the other expecting to have some disagreeable trick served upon him, should he disobey, immediately turned his team to the one side of the road; but as his opponent passed him, he desired to know how he had served the other man.—"Why, (said he) the stubborn rascal swore he would not turn out for me, and so I turned out for him!"

A clergyman conversing, the other day, at the tea-table, on the subject of taxes, expressed his opinion that ruffles were a paper object of taxation. "You might as well propose a duty on horns" said his wife. "Why so my dear," replied the Doctor, "because my love," answered she, with a gentle pat on the cheek, "you wear neither one nor the other."

A gentleman in distress, lately wrote the following letter to a friend:—"I am now reduced to a *single* penny—a *single* shirt—a *single* coat—a *single* glass of table-beer—a *single* sheet to my bed—a *single* rap at my door even of an old acquaintance; and I have only one consolation that I am a *single* man, and that I have a

single friend in you."—In these days, says our correspondent, this is not a singular case

THE LONDON SPORTSMEN;
OR, THE COCKNEY'S JOURNEY.

SEPTEMBER 1,.....According to our agreement, made at the *Hole-in-the-Wall*, six of us met on Blackfriar's Bridge, at half past five o'clock, armed, and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition.

Squibbed our guns over the bridge, and got a volley of oaths from a West Country bargeman that was passing under the centre arch.

Loaded and primed—gave the dogs a piece of bread each—the fox dog would not eat his—took a dram a-piece, and set forward in high spirits for the Circus gate, on our way to Camberwell, where we were informed we should find several covies.

Just at Christ Church, Blackfriar's Road, *Ned Simple*, shot at a rat and missed it: but it gave us a fine hunt, the dogs barking all the way, until we drove it into the Thames.

Beat over all the ground about the Halfpenny Hatches, and found nothing but one cat, which all of us fired at; but being only six in number, and the cat having nine lives, we missed killing, tho' we severely wounded her.

Passing at the back of Webber Row we saw several pigeons, but though they were within pistol shot, they flew so fast that none of us could take aim, although our guns were ready cocked, and loaded with No. 2 six fingers deep.

Saw five sparrows on the ground, opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington, feasting on some oats—stole up with great caution within four yards of the game, and gave an irregular fire; but *Bob Tape's* musket going off before he took aim, the birds we suppose, made their escape antecedent to the other five going off, for the devil of a sparrow we killed.

Rather out of humour with such ill-luck, so took another dram a-piece,

and pushed briskly forward for Camberwell.

Met two men driving geese at Kennington Common—offered them eighteen pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards. Drew lots who should fire first. It fell to *Billy Candlewick's* chance, who, from his father belonging many years ago to the Orange Regiment of City Militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground and Billy took aim for above ten minutes, when, shutting both his eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire—took aim a second time—snapped and missed again—borrowed *Bob Tape's* scissars, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—thought the devil had got hold of the gun—examined her—found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another six-pence, and he sold us a lame gander, which we placed about six yards, and taking a shot a-piece at him, killed him, and put him in *Ned Thimbles* cabbage net.

When we came in sight of the Swan, at Stockwell, we all run as hard as we could to see who should get in first, as we had settled to breakfast there. Unfortunately our guns being cocked, I made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a sucking pig that was crossing the road. The squeaking of the poor animal roused the maternal affections of the sow, and set the fox dog, the terrier, the Newfoundland bitch, and the mastiff, a barking. The noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought the people of the house, and indeed of the neighborhood; and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig at four shillings, which we did; and, having put it into *Bob Tape's* game bag, which by the bye, was nothing but half a bol,

ster tick, we made the best of our way to the Plough, at Clapham, where we had some cold buttock and ale for breakfast.

Tried all the Common round—beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns—set the dogs on the pigs—and found but one chaffinch which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of one bird—we hunted him from pray to pray for above an hour, without being able to come in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when at last, he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone—bought him, and put him in the net with the goose.

Resolved to make for Blackheath, and so cut across the country that we might get into the stubbles—missed our road, and by some kind of circum-bendibus, got into Brixton Causeway, where we asked if there were any birds in the neighborhood. We were directed to a dead horse, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled, but they would not stay our arrival; for the moment they saw us they made off. Our pig-carrying companion, and our goose carrier, complained of the weight—so we took charge of the game by turns.

Hunted a weazel for above an hour, and lost him—the terrier was remarkably staunch.

Crossing a field near Camberwell we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch—so we all made up to them with our guns cocked, tying our dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges, proved to be a gang of gypsies, who were squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips, and preparing potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God we did not fire upon them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one eye a-piece open; when that which we took to be the old cock, rose up, and said, in a loud voice—“*What the devil are you about?*”

After many difficulties, and but little sport, got by the direction of the gypsies, into the Greenwich Road; where, being rather fatigued, we stopt at the halfway House, until a coach came by; when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the heath before—amazed at the number of furze bushes, and the wide extent there is for game—had an excellent chase after a jack-ass, which the mastiff tore in the leg—kept close together for fear of loosing each other.

Got down near a large house—shot at a flock of sparrows, and killed one which we think is a cock, his head being rather black.

Saw several brother sportsmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedge hog, and a tame jack-daw, which belonged to a public house, at New-cross turn-pike.

Got up to the main road—fired at a yellow-hammer, and frightened the horses in the Dover stage—the guard threatening to shoot us, we took to our heels.

The terrier came to a point at a thick bunch of fern—we were now sure this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly, the mastiff run in, brought out one of the young ones—it proved to be a nest of field-mice—took every one and put them into the bolster—grass-mice were better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home—fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich-hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants—loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour, without putting a grain in it—got to Smith's at dusk, and discharged our pieces in the air before we went in—had something to eat and drink—then set off for the city—and squibbed all the way as long as the powder lasted.

Got home much fatigued with the day's sport, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed and the presents we made of them—smoked our pipes—and by twelve got to bed.

Poetic Department.

FROM THE FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

IS there a charm on earth so sweet
As that which warms the glowing heart,
When kindred friends each other greet,
Or give the cordial squeeze to part?

Friendship! rich guest to thee we owe
Full half the smiling joys of life;
Thy soothing balm relieves our wo,
And buries envy, wrath, and strife.

'Tis thou can quell the angry storm,
And lull the passions of the breast;
A vitious world from vice reform,
And hush the troubled soul to rest.

On thee, as on a bed of down,
Sorrow may swoon its tears away;
Thy charms dispel the sullen frown,
And bid the child of grief be gay.

Yes, gentle partner, cheering guest,
That strews our paths with sweetest joy,
Thy smiles can make the mourner blest,
And envy's fiercer shafts destroy.

T. D. M.

LINES,

ON VIEWING THE TOMB OF A PARENT.

HERE lies interr'd, beneath this sacred pile,
On which I oft have gaz'd with look sincere,
Freed from the world, from all its cares & toil,
The last sad relics of a parent dear.

THE FAREWEL.

I go: farewell, my beauteous maid:
I leave the land belov'd for thee;
From Grasmer's hills afar convey'd,
From all that whisper'd joy to me.

Though dear the little native vale,
To which I turn my lingering feet,
Though dear the friends that in that dale,
Expect their much lov'd son to greet.

Yet will they hear the deep fraught sigh,
As shuns his couch the traitor sleep;
Yet will they view his languid eye,
And o'er the love-lorn mourner weep.

Oh! had you known the gentle maid,
How oft her accent, mild her air,
How sweet her dark brown ringlets play'd,
And trembled on her bosom fair!

Ye could not, oh, my friends, admire
Why seeks your son the walk by stealth?
Why beats this pulse with feverish fire?
Why fades the purple glow of health?

And must I leave thee, must we part?

Ah! ruthless fortune bids to fly,
Nor heeds the pangs that swell my heart,
Nor marks the tear-o'erflowing eye.

Yet hope shall soothe the bosom care,
Shall fondly prompt the tender sigh,
Shall smiling wave her golden hair,
And roll her blue voluptuous eye.

Perchance when time has stol'n away
A few dull years of toil and pain;
Ah! then, perchance, may beam a day,
To guide me to my love again.

TO THE ROSE.

Go blushing flower, while yet thy cup
Retains the morning dew,
Receive the gale from Charlotte's lips
Which shall thy sweets renew:

And should she, smiling, deign to press
Her ruby lips to thine,
O fly with speed to this recess,
And make that blessing mine!

CONTENT.

DEAR Sam, who the camp and the pulpit
have tried,
You ask me what system of life I should
choose:
To manage my own little farm is my pride,
And to lounge where I like in my dirty old
shoes.

In a patron's cold bestibule why should I
freeze?
Why dance up and down at the smile of the
great?
When to warm my own hearth I can clip my
own trees,
And pursue my own game on my own small
estate,

Who would angle for meals that can catch
his own fish?
As the honey unbought, what desert half so
sweet!
Give me eggs of my own in a clean wooden
dish,
And my hind's lusty daughter to cook up the
treat.

While for health I can plough, and for exer-
cise dig,
May the wretch who dislikes me my system
forbear;
May he veil his gray locks in an alderman's
wig,
Grow gouty when sheriff, and die when he's
mayor,

THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

Now, Joan, we are MARRIED—and now let
me say,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth
will decay,
In our journey through life, my dear Joan,
I suppose
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes
a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken
my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it
away;
And when the dull vapor shall dwell upon
thine,
To chase it the labor and triumph be
mine.

Let us wish not for wealth to devour and
consume;
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb:
Let us sigh not for grandeur, for trust me
my Joan,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a
throne.

Thou shalt milk our ONE cow, and if fortune
pursue,
In good time with her blessings, my Joan
may milk two;
I will till our small field, whilst thy prattle
and song
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare
along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll
regale,
And treat a good neighbor at eve with our
ale;
For, Joan, who would wish for SELF ONLY to
LIVE?
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to GIVE.
E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek
us in vain,
Whilst thou hast a crumb or thy Corin a
grain;
Not only their songs will they pour from the
grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy
youth I'll remember,
That thy MAY was my own when thou show-
est DECEMBER;
And when Age to my HEAD shall his winter
impart,
The summer of LOVE shall reside in my
HEART,

THE DILEMMA.

When I'm afflicted with the gout,
My wife she scolds me night and day,
Right well she knows what she's about,
She knows I cannot RUN AWAY!

ANDREW JONES.

BY W. WADSWORTH.

I HATE THAT Andrew Jones: He'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage;—
I wish the press-gang, or the drum
With its Tantara sound, would come,
And sweep him from the village?

I said not this because he loves
Through the long day to swear & tittle;
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling cripple!

For this poor crawling, helpless wretch
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground
For it had long been drouthy weather:
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust, 'till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanc'd that Andrew pass'd that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stoop'd and took the penny up;
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,
"What a man finds is all his own,
"And so my friend good day to you."

And HENCE I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wish'd the press-gang, or the drum
With its Tantara sound, would come
And sweep him from the village—

ADVICE.

TO all honest fellows who wish for content,
I'll give an advice will much sorrow prevent
Let each man on *himself* for assistance
depend,
But shun all occasion to call on a friend.

When plung'd in the deeps of misfortune
and trouble,
Too late, we perceive, that most friend-
ship's a bubble;
A bubble so frail, that it can't bear a shock,
And when grasped at, must split on adver-
sity's rock.

One tells you he's lost by the turn of the die,
By shipwrecks, by rogues, or the lures of
an eye;
Of assisting th' *ungrateful*, this makes a sad
pother,

Of charity, spendthrifts, or this, that and
t'other.

Flint shrugs up his shoulders, and tells you
that "long
He has plainly perceiv'd your proceedings
were *wrong* ;

You should have consider'd, but now, 'tis
too late—

Your income was *small*, your *extravagance*
great."

He gravely exhorts you—"to carry your
cross—

Man's born to affliction, to trouble and loss ;
He pities sincerely—was always your friend,
But it's hard he should earn for another to
spend !"

The man in distress amid crowds, is alone,
All shun him, and all his acquaintance dis-
own ;

His former companions all intercourse fly,
And if they speak of him, his actions *belie*.

If with them by chance in his rambles he
meets,

In the park, or the playhouse, the green, or
the streets,

They bow at a distance, his company shun,
As a debtor escapes from a bailiff or dun.

Too late, we perceive, whence we gain'd
those false friends,

Each flatter'd and smil'd to obtain his own
ends ;

Like a sponge they all use you, but when
you're squeez'd dry,
As useful no longer, with scorn throw you by.

To the friends of distress, if such friends can
be found,

Fill your bumpers on high, and we toast
them all round,

But for those who desert us in unforeseen
evil,

Why give them their due, let them go to the
d—l.

W. P. CAREY.

JERRY CONSOLED.

A JERRY, whose tumultuous wife
Led him a devil of a life,
Bore her tyrannic sway and rule,
Not like a man but like a fool ;
To angry him was her delight,
He had no peace from morn to night ;
And while she exercised her power,
And wrangled with him by the hour,
And cut up every joy and ease,
He bore his lot like Socrates.

At length that all his cares might
end,

Propitious fortune stood his friend.

Over his troubles to condole,

To an old croney oft he stole ;

And, in his converse, consolation

Found in the midst of his vexation.

She, in a scrape thinking to catch him,

When he went out resolved to watch
him ;

Ran to a window high up stairs ;

And to detect him unawares,

There, as she thought his sport to
mar,

Forgetting she might lean too far,

While her impatience naught could
check,

She tumbled out, and broke her neck.

The wondering neighbours round
her press'd,

And Jerry came among the rest,

They all in pitying accents spoke ;

"She's dead," cried one, "her neck's
quite broke:"

"Come, come," said Jerry, "no
great harm,

It might, you know, have been her
arm."

BADINE.

MASONIC ANTHEM.

"Let there be light!" the Almighty
spoke,

Refulgent streams from chaos broke,

To illume the rising earth !

Well pleas'd the great Jehovah stood,

The Power Supreme pronounced it
good,

And gave the planets birth !

In choral numbers masons join,

To bless and praise this light divine.

Parent of light ! accept our praise !

Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays,

The light that fills our mind ;

By choice selected, lo ! we stand,

By friendship join'd, a social band !

That love that aid mankind !

In choral numbers &c.

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,

All wants our hands with speed supply

As far as power is given !

The naked clothe, the prisoner free,

These are thy works, sweet Charity!

Reveal'd to us from heaven !

In choral strains &c.

TO JULIA.

FROM Julia's cheek the rose is fled,
 From Julia's eye the lustre's gone,
 Paleness usurps the blooming red,
 And languor veils the wonted sun :

Yet Julia's cheek has charms for me,
 Yet, yet, I burn beneath her eye ;
 Fancy can countless beauties see,
 And still excite the raptur'd sigh.

No vulgar flame pervades my breast,
 No flimsy chains my bosom bind,
 My heart retains no fleeting guest,
 When love depends on Julia's mind.
 J. P. H.

ST. AGNES' WELL.

By Mr. Dimond.

A story there runs of a marvellous
 Well,
 Near fair Florence city (so travellers
 tell)

To Agnes devoted,
 And very much noted,
 For mystical charms in its waters that
 dwell.

With all new-married couples—the
 story thus goes,
 Whichever first drinks of the spring
 that there flows,

Be it husband or wife,
 That one shall for life,
 On the other a yoke of subjection
 impose.

Young Claude led Claudine to the
 church as his bride,
 And Wedlock's hard knot in a twink-
 ling was tied ;

But the clerk's nasal twang,
 ' Amen ! ' scarce had rang,
 When the bridegroom eloped from his
 good woman's side.

Away, like a hare from the hounds,
 started he—

Till reaching the Well—dropping
 plump on his knee,

' Dear St. Agnes,' he cried,
 ' Let me drink of thy tide,
 And the right to the breeches establish
 in me.'

He quaff'd till nigh bursting—again
 turn'd to quaff,

Till the bride in pursuit, reached his
 side, with a laugh—

Lifting briskly his head,

To the Lady he said,

' I'm first at the Well, Spouse, so bow
 to the staff ! '

The Dame to her Hubby replied with
 a sneer,—

' That you're first at the Well after
 marriage, is clear—

But to save such a task,

I fill'd a small flask,

And took it to church in my pocket,
 my dear ! '

EPIGRAMS.

SAYS Jack to Tom, you're a rogue and a
 cheat,

Says Tom to Jack, you're a rascal complete.
 Quoth Richard, the truth of the proverb I see,
 That two of a trade can never agree.

JACK his own merit sees. This gives him
 pride,

That he sees more than all the world beside.

*On a very fair Lady, whose Husband
 was a Drunkard.*

HOW comes it, that in Clara's face,

The Lily only has a place ?

It is because the absent Rose

Is gone to grace her husband's Nose,

LET the loud thunder roll along the skies,

" Clad in my virtue, I the storm despise.

" Indeed, cries Peter, " how your lot I
 bless,

" To be so sheltered in so thin a dress."

HERE lies the quintessence of noise and
 strife,

Or, in one word—here lies a solding wife.

Had not death took her when her mouth was
 shut,

He dar'd not for his ears have touched the
 slut.

On the Death of a noted Knave.

IF Heaven be pleas'd when sinners cease to
 sin :

If Hell be pleas'd when sinners enter in :

If Earth be pleas'd, freed from a truckling
 knave :

Then all are pleas'd—the villain's in his
 grave.

TO OUR READERS.

We have to request the indulgence of our readers for a few typographical errors, which, in the hurry of getting out our first number, have been overlooked by us.

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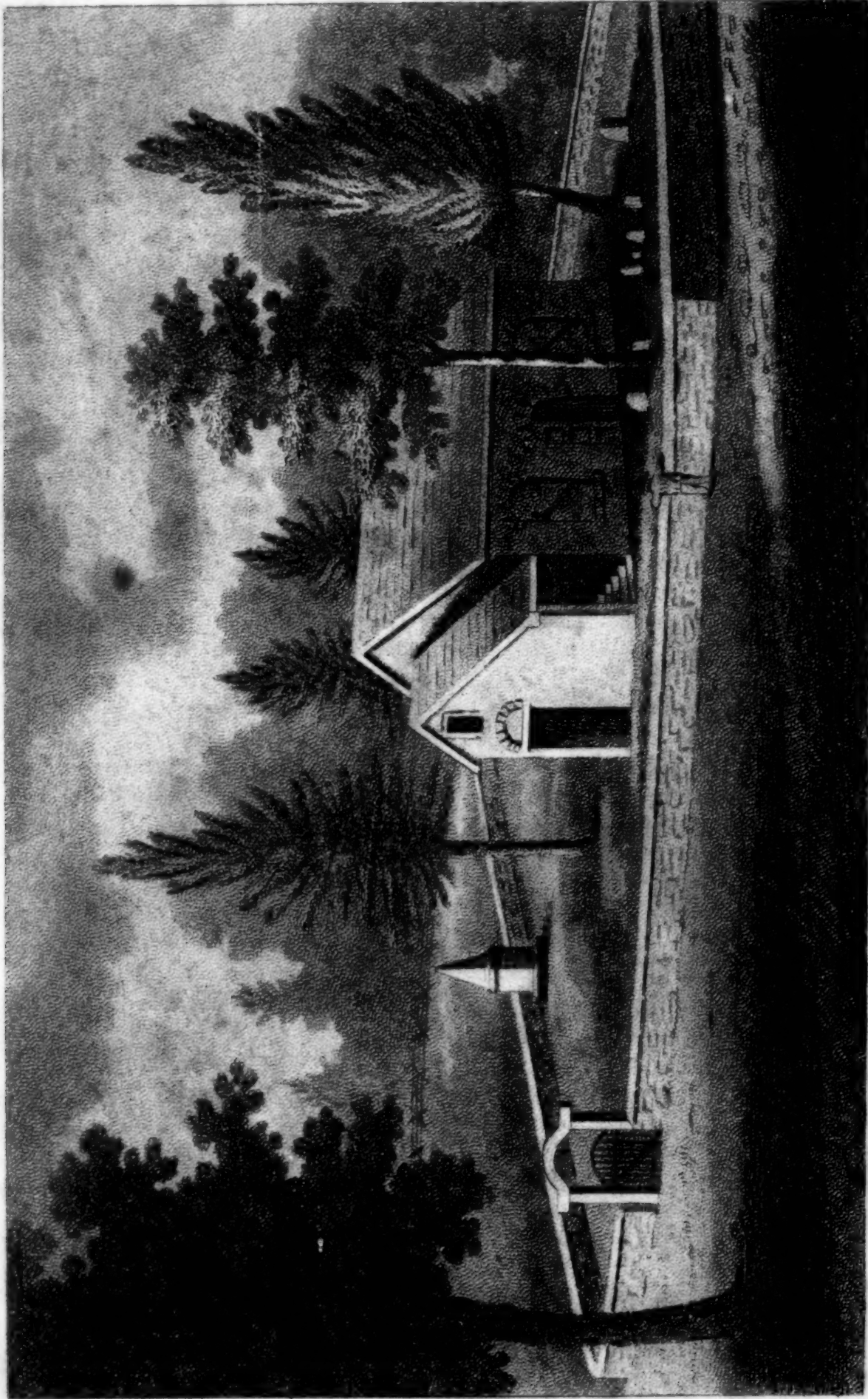
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Radnor, Pa.

Radnor Church with Genl. Wayne's Monument.

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